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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1838. NO. 882--VOL. XVII.—NO. 27.

S. Lennison Esq.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MIRACLES.

It is now about a century since some unbelievers and skeptics in England, opposed the Christian religion, on account of the miracles, alleged to have been performed by its author and his apostles; pretending that the *improbability* of a miracle must out-weigh all the evidence which could be adduced in favor of any miraculous event; and even that the *pretence* of miracles was sufficient to *invalidate* the system with all inteiligent men, and to justify them in ranking christianity with other religions, the product of human imposition and credulity. This attack on the christian faith called forth many able defences and apologies; in which it was contended, that miracles were not only *possible* but *probable*; and certainly could not be shown to be contrary to any established axioms of philosophy, nor inconsistent with God's government of the world. No one *then* thought of yielding to the objection, or of attempting to reconcile the truth and *divinity* of the christian revelation with the *supposition*, that no *supernatural* works were performed by Christ and his apostles.

All those who replied to the skeptical writers appear to have been fully sensible, that miracles were verily wrought; or that christianity as a divine revelation must be given up; and must rest merely on the argument from *reason* in its favor—(thus rejecting all divine sanction to it)—arising from its salutary moral precepts; in the same manner as one would decide as to the claims of *Socrates*, *Confucius* or *Mohammed*, to be inspired and special messengers from heaven. It was fully admitted and strenuously urged, that, though the doctrines were new, sublime and of a most excellent moral tendency, the miracles said to be performed were in truth and in fact wrought; or that there was no direct, full and satisfactory proof that our Lord was a true prophet or divine Messenger. And, that, on the *supposition* of no supernatural works by Christ, he must be considered a rank impostor, and a false pretender to the character of an inspired agent of God. That he could not therefore justly claim divine authority for the doctrines and precepts which he taught—nor any authority beyond the force and sanction of reason; and thus leaving it mere matter of opinion, whether his doctrines were from God; as he spake merely as a wise and virtuous man, whose declarations every one was *at liberty* to receive or reject, according to his view of their truth and importance.

Now it must be evident to every careful reader of the evangelical history, that Christ did not rest his claims, as a divine messenger, on reason only, though his doctrines and precepts are most rational—or clearly not contrary to reason—and he appealed to the reason of his hearers to judge of them—yet he mainly insisted, for a direct and full proof, in support of his claims, on the *miracles*, and appealed to the reason of the Jewish priests and rulers to decide, whether such works were not evidence of his being assisted by God. If ye believe not me—if ye believe not my words, nor my mere assertion that I have been sent of God—believe me for the WORKS *sake*.'

Since, therefore, our Lord appealed to his miracles as one, if not the *chief* proof of his *divine* mission, and since his apostles referred to them (Acts ii. 32 & elsewhere*) and particularly to his resurrection, as one of the greatest of miracles and as the *test* of the justice of his claim to have been sent and assisted by God, it was considered, by the apologists of our most holy faith, (referred to above, and very justly as it seems to me,) that the miracles, alleged to have been performed by Christ, were verily supernatural works; as, otherwise, we are without direct and full proof that he was a true prophet of God.

The object of those defenders of the gospel was to show, that there was nothing absurd or unphilosophical in a miracle; that the miracles of Christ were matter of history, as much as any part of his life and conduct, or as any of the events recorded in the sacred writings; that they were performed, not for any personal advantage or effect, but for purposes of humanity and mercy; and that reason teaches or admits, that if God ever did, or should reveal his will to mankind he would give some extraordinary proof of such interposition, to sanction the revelation.

Others, about the same period, insidiously, but with no little plausibility, pretended, that the Christian religion, not only, had no proof from miracles, but that it could not abide the test of reason and argument; and had its support only in the feelings and the imagination. 'Christianity,' said this class of unbelievers.—for *unbelievers* they really were, under the mask of pretended christians—'Christianity is not founded in argument, but in our own internal consciousness;' in *reveries*, in feeling, and in the *supposed* fitness of its doctrines to the spiritual nature of man.

The mystics and some other sects of that period—as well as before and since—gave too much occasion for this representation, or rather misrepresentation of Christianity. They rest their faith principally, some of them wholly, on *feeling*, or on personal consciousness; and disregard all historical and external evidence. The adaptation of the gospel to our spiritual nature, and a sense of its fitness to reform, elevate, console and sanctify—these are considerations of great importance, and go far to prove its divine origin—and if these are not perceived, the gospel has not its proper effect on us.—But these are no evidence to the worldly, the skeptic, or even to the very illiterate portion of mankind. They must have *sensible* evidence,—history, and the exercise of supernatural power, or the probability of it,—to arrest their attention to the gospel, so as to be led to examine it more carefully; and thus they will, or may be thought to perceive the internal evidence, arising from its peculiar adaptation to our spiritual nature and wants.

It is not enough to say to persons of the above description,—we offer you new and sublime doctrines, calculated to render you virtuous and happy,—for many wise and good men not inspired, have so addressed their fellows, without effect--they may reply, you call your doctrines excellent and sublime; and so they may appear to you; but we have no taste or relish for them, nor do we perceive their peculiar truth from reflection or our own feelings and minds—and other wise men have proposed doctrines different from yours, which they consider just and necessary—we know not how to choose between these different systems:—The human mind is not fully capable of judging what is proper for divine wisdom to reveal—We therefore ask for proof that you are authorised to teach such doctrines from God—Give evidence that God sent you; and that he is with you to guide and teach and assist you.'

These two objections to the christian religion, or excuses for not receiving it as a divine revelation, are much of the same nature. For if there is no evidence that miracles were wrought by Christ, then his doctrines are to be tested by mere feeling, or individual opinion or perception: and we have no proof, in fact, that he came from God; for we cannot positively say how much human study and wisdom and philosophy can teach on the subject of morals and religion. Besides, if miracles are rejected or doubted, and our faith in the gospel is mere matter of feeling, then it is not founded in argument or reason; we are left entirely without argument, for the *very reason*, that we know not what excellent and pure doctrines a learned and wise man may advance without inspiration.

It ought also to be recollected, that neither the Jewish or pagan unbelievers, in the time of Christ or of his apostles, denied, or attempted to disprove their miracles. Some indeed endeavored to evade them, or did not openly admit them, or most unphilosophically attributed them to the power of Satan, or some evil spirit.

The strange doctrine of the Gnostics, at the close of the first and in the second century, was alike fanciful and irrational. And it went, in effect, to the denial of miracles. For they pretended that Christ was not a mortal man, or a human being; but celestial and spiritual, and only *appeared* like a man. With them, all was appearance and nothing real—or in other words, *deception*. For according to them, he had not flesh and blood—did not suffer—but only *appeared* to his disciples as a man and to suffer. They might very consistenly say, that his miracles were not real and actual works, but only apparently such.

I put it, then, to those who have any doubts of the reality of miracles by Christ and his apostles, as recorded in the evangelical history, or who deny the vast importance of them, as *one* proof of the divine origin of the gospel—I put it to all such, to say, if it does not fully appear, that the rapid and extensive prevalence of Christianity in the first age of the church, was owing in a great measure to the personal witness of miracles by those who professed Jesus as the Messiah; and that those who became his disciples, in the two succeeding ages, had satisfactory evidence, from those who had witnessed them, and from other equally creditable sources, of their having been actually performed.

One can hardly suppose, that either of the foregoing theories are received by any true believers in Christ, at the present day. And yet there are occasionally, some strange intimations put forth, which look like a denial of the miracles of our Lord, and which exclude all proof of the divine origin of the gospel except the feeling and consciousness of each individual. And how far this hypothesis may furnish weapons to the adversaries of our most holy faith—whether mystics, skeptics, or other anti-supernaturalists, is left for those who advocate and propagate such opinions to consider. The writer of these cursory remarks has no particular theory to support—but only wishes, that the truth as it is in Jesus, and his true history, may be sought for, in all sincerity, impartiality and docility of mind. B.

* Acts, i. 21, 22—iii. 15, iv. 33, 1 Cor. xv.—Of those who have accompanied with us, all the time the Lord Jesus was with us, from the baptism of John to the day he was taken up, must one be ordained as a witness of his resurrection. This Jesus, whom ye have crucified and slain, God hath raised up *from the grave*, of which we *all* are witnesses. And killed the prince of life whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses. And with great power the apostles gave witness of the ressurrection of the Lord Jesus.

Translated for the Register and Observer.

GERMAN PARABLES.

3. *Paul and Luke.*

Paul, the messenger of the Lord, went with his disciple Luke to Athens, the chief city of Greece. And Paul was serious and sad, for his soul was troubled to see the numerous temples and altars of Idols, among this intelligent and cultivated people.

He was silent and disturbed, and Luke knew the Apostle's thoughts, and walked beside him in silence. They came to another altar, and his face became cheerful and glad. Then Luke wondered and said, why does thy heart rejoice at this idol's altar? The apostle said to his disciple, Read the inscription. And Luke read the words 'To the unknown God.' And Paul answered and said, Seest thou Luke, even in the midst of error and darkness, Truth is not wholly lost. It rests in concealment: it sleeps, and awaits the voice and the ray of light which shall awaken it. Then they went to the market place, and Paul spoke to the Athenians of the UNKNOWN, and many believed, but some said, We will hear thee again.

4. *The man and the sun.*

The son of Noah, stood one day with uplifted face and looked upon the sun. Then Noah his father came and said to him, What seest thou? But Shem answered and said, I was contemplating that heavenly Being, which God has wonderfully clothed with splendor: in the height of Heaven he traverses his way, and far below him are the storms and floods of water. I thought in my heart, oh if the Lord had created man like him.

Thereupon said Noah, My son, think not of things, which are not given thee. If they were given thee thou mighest sink deeper, and lose something better than they. How is it possible, my father? answered the youth. Would it not be an ascent to be like the sun?

Then Noah answered and said, Thou wouldst then be greater than Mount Ararat,—yea, greater than the round earth we inhabit. Thinkest thou thereby to gain merit? Thou wouldst ever traverse the same path, and never be able to turn to the right or the left. Now thou mayst look up to the sun, but he cannot look down upon thee, much less can he look upwards and know and worship Him who has made him. Solitary he walks through the Heaven without love or hope. A day will at length come to him, when he like a lamp shall go out, and man shall wait in vain for his rising in the heaven. But thou wilt lay aside this shell which binds thee to Earth, and made glorious with eternal being shalt walk above the suns. Wouldst thou change thy nature and life for his?

Ah, my father, replied the youth, I am ashamed of my wicked wish.

RAIL-ROADS IN CHURCHES.—Start not, reader, a rail-rond is located in the chancel of the new St. Peter's Church in New York, and is used for moving the pulpit from before the altar, to a place provided at one side, and out of the way of the other services.'

The above we extracted from the Cumberland Presbyterian, and would rejoice were this the only way in which Rail-roads had been introduced into our churches. They have come in the form of 'stocks,' assumed a shape which have made the wicked 'rail' at the Sabbath, and justify themselves by pleading that the road on which they travel, and the cars in which they ride on the Sabbath, are the property, and at the disposal of professors of religion: and yet these cars travel on the Sabbath!!!! Oh, will not our brethren who are thus implicated, and who are thus awfully profaning the Sabbath, and abetting in its desecration, see to it; that this reproach be wiped away? Verily, their Rail-roads remove the pulpit and its instructions completely 'to one side,' and out of the way of their other services to the church.—*Phil. Obs.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

NEW ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The Committee appointed by a meeting of the Alumni of the Theological School in Cambridge, held in the University Chapel on the 19th of July last, to report on the expediency of forming an association of all those who have received their theological education at Cambridge, before or since the organization of the school, and also on the time and manner of conducting an annual public meeting, providing the formation of such an association should be thought expedient, present the following

REPORT.

Your Committee are in favor of forming the Association proposed. One benefit which they expect from it is the social enjoyment which must accompany a meeting of friends, having common interests and pursuits, and common associations with the time and place of their meeting. Such a meeting would add one more to the occasions which occur during the year of renewing Christian and ministerial fellowship, and interchanging fraternal sympathies. It is believed that all such occasions do good; that most of those who attend them, go away from them, strengthened and improved. Your Committee hope that this point need not be labored. They are aware that a prejudice exists in many minds against a multiplication of societies, and with this feeling most of your Committee have much sympathy; but they conceive that the proposed society is not liable to most of the objections usually made to associations. It will not have for its object the dissemination of opinions, it will not presuppose the adoption of any peculiar tenets by those who are to become the members; it will contemplate no direct action on the public mind; it will imply no pledge of any kind on the part of those who shall join it. It will be simply an association for mutual gratification and improvement. Its main object will be to furnish an interesting and useful annual celebration. It will aim to become a common bond of the lovers and cultivators of theological science, as the Phi Beta Kappa Society is of the friends of general literature. The anniversary of such a society may be made an occasion essentially different from any which now occurs during the year. The only one with which it can be compared, is the Berry Street Conference. The discourses and discussions of that meeting, however, are confined to the practical duties of the profession, and to the passing topics of the day;—at the meetings of the proposed society the higher subjects of Theological Science, such as would be interesting to the members as Theologians, rather than as pastors of Churches, might be treated.

The committee have come to the conclusion that the best way of occupying the time of the public meeting will be by a theological discourse, rather than by a discussion, either entirely spontaneous or conducted by speakers previously engaged. By this means the maturest results of the mind employed to address the Society will be secured, and material furnished for subsequent debate should it be deemed expedient.

At the meeting by which this Committee was appointed, the idea was suggested of raising funds by the payment of a small sum annually by the members, for the purpose of assisting the theological education of the sons of members who might hereafter enter the School. The Committee have considered this subject and deem it inexpedient to attempt the raising of funds. Such a measure would make the association a burden to many, to whom it would otherwise be a pleasure, and might prevent some from joining who would rejoice to do so, and would make valuable members. It is not probable that such a proposition would meet the approbation of all who come within the description of persons for whom the association is designed, and it is deemed highly important that all such should become members of it. It is thought that it would be a happy circumstance in the constitution of this society, that it should have no monied concerns whatever to manage.

The Committee take pleasure in stating that a proposition made to the Philanthropic Society, to resign to the proposed society the University Chapel and the afternoon of the Exhibition day, which they have several years past, occupied in an useful and interesting manner, by their public discussions, was promptly and unanimously acceded to.

Your Committee think it desirable that if the meeting agree with them in the expediency of forming the proposed association, it should go into operation, and the first public celebration be held, on the afternoon of the Exhibition of the school in 1839. The resolutions appended to this report contemplate the organization of the Association so far as to enable it to carry this purpose into effect.

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J. D. GREENE,
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S. J. MAY,

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE MORALITY OF THE SABBATH.

Mr Editor,—It is well known, that extremes often follow each other. This observation seems to me applicable in respect to the Sabbath. From a superstitious and bigoted observation of the day, many have passed to its opposite extreme; from viewing a sacred day, to be exclusively devoted to honor and service of God, or religious purposes, they have perverted it to secular business and worldly pleasures. Not a few, who mean to observe the Christian Sabbath, appear to treat and use it, as though it were, in these times, divested of divine authority and moral obligation. The learned and justly celebrated Paley even, in his views of the Sabbath, has laid a stress on its *expediency*, which appears to me to weaken the arguments in favor of its morality and perpetual obligation.

I am constrained to differ in opinion from this great man even, and from many pious learned men, in this country, in their views and treatment of the Sabbath. Erroneous opinions, on this subject, have been imbibed by many for the want of rightly understanding the *moral law*, and especially the *fourth* precept in the decalogue. I take the liberty to offer my opinion, which was deliberately formed, after careful examination, many years ago.

Jesus Christ, the infallible Teacher from Heaven, includes the whole Decalogue, in *two* commandments, viz. *love to God, and love to man*, and said, 'On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' These two commands had been given at Sinai, and written by the finger of God, in ten distinct precepts, in compliance, no doubt, with the weakness of men, and in adaptation to various relations and unavoidable conditions of the world. That these two precepts are moral and founded in the moral nature of man, the reason and fitness of thing, and the relation of men to God, none will deny. The *second* and *third* commands respect the manner in which love to God ought to be expressed. The *fourth* precept enjoins the *means* of expressing and cultivating love and worship to God. These *three* commandments then are essential branches of the *first*, and included in it. The *fourth* commandment therefore cannot be separated from the *first*, without perverting its design and opposing its benefit, especially in respect to society. This branch of the moral law of love, the fourth command, is the principal means by which the whole law of love and piety to God is supported. Without the observation of the Sabbath, and public worship, which is connected with it in the Old and New Testaments, it would be impracticable, in the ordinary course of things, to maintain, in society, piety towards God and needful reverence for his being, character, and presence. Religious reverence for the Deity, including a belief of accountability to Him, is necessary to the good order and peace of society. This above every thing else gives validity and obligation, in the mind and heart, to testimony and oaths legally administered. This reverence for God is essential to every degree of true piety. The fourth commandment then, like the other three of the first table, is moral in its nature and design.

The reason of this law of the Sabbath, one would think, might be evident to every considerate person. It is surely most reasonable, that men should honor and worship God, their Creator;—that they should not profane his name and character; that they should not worship idols,—and that there should be set apart a portion of time expressly for this purpose. Reason also clearly teaches that proper means should be appointed for the promotion of such piety to God. And when such stated seasons and means are divinely appointed, it is most reasonable that men should devoutly use them for the purposes of their appointment. And this is the same as remembering and sanctifying the Sabbath day.

It has been well observed by divines, that in the *fourth* commandment, there is somewhat *moral*, and *positive*, and *ceremonial*. That a portion of time frequently recurring should be appropriated to religion, to the honor and service of God, is *moral*;—that the seventh part of time should be appropriated, is *positive*; and that the seventh day of the week should be separated and sanctified, is *ceremonial*. Our Lord appears to have viewed the matter in this light, when the change was made from the seventh to the first day of the week. It does not appear, that this change was expressly made by the authority of Christ: but it is not reasonable to suppose that the Apostles made it, without knowing the mind of their Master; and it is in conformity to the change from the Jewish to the Christian dispensation. There are also other ceremonies in the manner of keeping the Sabbath, which have been changed with the outward forms of religion. But the *moral* part is *immutable*, and the positive part needs no alteration. The change of the day from the seventh to the first day of the week made no alteration in the *moral reason*, *obligation*, and general use of the Sabbath. The morality of the Sabbath does not consist in the appropriation of any particular day, but in the *needfulness* to men, that a portion of time, often recurring, should be appropriated, this being essential to real piety to God and moral improvement of men. But when God has separated and sanctified the seventh part of time, no alteration could be made, unless by the same divine auty. At the introduction of Christianity, no one pretended to any change in the *positive* part of the Sabbath. The alteration that was made respected only the *ceremonial* part. But the appointment of a portion of time exclusively for the service of God and the practice of goodness, which is the *moral* part, our Lord confirmed,—opposing only a superstitious and hypocrital observance of the day. He evidently, in his instructions and examples considered the day as sacred, and the fourth commandment as an essential part of the first table of the moral law, which need only to be explained, enforced, and adapted to mild and merciful Christian dispensation of religion. But he gave no countenance to any relaxation in piety, purity, and holiness in the observation of the Sabbath.

It is not unworthy of notice, that the change of the day was so made, as not to infringe on the moral or positive part; for there has been no week without a Sabbath, and no week with two.

As the world advanced in age, and the outward conditions of men were changed, additional reasons for the religious observance of the Sabbath were brought to view. But these reasons contributed rather to strengthen than to weaken the original reasons for the Sabbath, and especially in respect to particular nations and circumstances. The moral nature and relations of men remain the same, though times and conditions are continually changing. The deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, being given as a reason for sanctifying the Sabbath, does not abrogate or lessen the reason assigned at the beginning of the world, when the Sabbath was first instituted. So neither is the completion of redemption by Christ the chief reason why Christians should sanctify the Sabbath; nor is it a diminution of the original reason. The obligations of the Israelites were increased by their deliverance; and so are Christians more obligated by what Jesus has done for them.

On this subject, it seems to me, some pious persons have erred. With every additional reason for sanctifying the Sabbath, they have given up, or overlooked the former reasons, until the Christian, in their view, has lost, not only its Jewish strictness, but its original sanctity and divine appointment. In this way, they seem to have reduced the Sabbath to a kind of religious festival in honor of Christ and his resurrection. But in my view they lose sight of the original reason and design of the Sabbath, its moral nature, and its inseparable connection with the 'first and great commandment' of the moral law.

The utility and happy effects of the Sabbath, observed for religious purposes, to individuals and society, is a powerful argument in favor of its reasonableness and moral obligation. If you see a man piously regarding the day and improving it for religious purposes, moral reflection, and self-examination, you safely conclude that he is religious all the week. On the other hand, if you see a man disregarding the Sabbath, and appropriating it to the ordinary business and pleasures of the world, you may conclude with equal certainty, that he has no religion.—that he 'neither fears God nor regards man' any farther than his present interest requires. Suppose our whole country should, on the Sabbath, abstain from all unnecessary worldly business, and appropriate the day to moral and religious services, what a vast change would be apparent! and manifestly for the better.

I will tax the patience of readers no farther than briefly to notice an important distinction between *moral* and *positive* precepts. The reason and moral obligation of the *former* we can see, and they are enjoined because they are reasonable and moral. But the reason of the *latter* we cannot see, until their design and use are pointed out to us. That men should love and honor God is manifestly reasonable and moral, and the precept is therefore given. But reason never would have dictated to the Israelites the passover and circumcision. These are positive precepts. So likewise, when Christianity commenced, love to God and man remained moral precepts, the reasons of which were obvious to every considerate person. But human reason could not have dictated the Lord's supper and baptism as important in the Christian system. Nevertheless, when positive precepts are given by divine authority, and their design and use expressed, they are binding on us, and we cannot free ourselves from their obligation without disobedience to divine authority. E. K.

OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

In the winter of 1809, Mr Wilberforce, meditating a trip to Bath, wrote to Mr Perceval to ascertain the day of the meeting of Parliament. 'Parliament,' was the reply, 'will not meet, unless something unforseen should occur, until Monday, the 16th of January. I hope, therefore, you will lose no time in getting your health well set up at Bath.' His watchfulness for public morals at once suggested to him the amount of Sunday travelling which such a day of meeting would create; and he begged, in answer, that it might, if possible, be altered. 'I thank you for your note of yesterday,' rejoined the conscientious minister, 'and am really sorry that I have given occasion for it. I feel myself the more to blame, because, upon the receipt of your note, it brought back to my recollection (what I had till then forgot) some observations which the speaker made to me some time ago upon the same subject; if they had been present to mind when we settled the meeting of Parliament, I would not have fixed it upon a Monday. We were, however, almost driven into that day. * * * Notwithstanding all these considerations, however, if I had thought as I ought to have done, of the Sunday travelling, which the meeting on Monday will too probably occasion, I would have preferred meeting on Friday in the sessions week, with all its inconveniences. You have the whole state of the case before you. I am open to your judgement—for inadvertence is certainly never felt by me as any excuse.' Two days later he wrote again. 'Dear Wilberforce, You will be glad to hear that it is determined to postpone the meeting of Parliament till Thursday, the 19th, instead of Monday the 16th, to obviate the objections which you have suggested to the meeting of that day. Yours, very truly, Spencer Perceval.' Mr Wilberforce has, in his diary, without any allusion to the part he had in it, 'The House put off nobly by Perceval, because of the Sunday travelling it would have occasioned.'—*Wilberforce's Life*, vol. 4.

[From Mr Clark's Address before the Massachusetts Temperance Society.]

THE LOSS OF MORAL POWER, FROM INTEMPERANCE.

But there is one evil, not so often exhibited to our special view, which ought not to be forgotten. I mean the loss of moral power, which the land suffers from the ruin caused by intemperance.

Let me illustrate this evil by a single fact.

Something like a half a century ago, in the university of an adjoining state, there studied a young man of rich and glowing genius, ready and eloquent in speech, of retentive and accurate memory, and with a mind well stored with various learning. He entered upon his profession as a lawyer with high hopes and the most flattering prospect of success. The early exhibition of his professional skill and his immediate advancement to posts of honor in the councils of state, led the community in which he lived, to look to him as the probable candidate at some future day for the chief magistracy in his native state.

His companions at this time were of that class, whose genius and scholarship and wit entitled them to become leaders in society; and here we leave this young man, thus gifted and thus prospered; and remembering what must be the hopes and the warm fancies, the high, the enthusiastic, the joyous dreams of such a youth, we pass from the morning to the evening of his life.

A few years since, I saw a white-haired old man, pale, haggard, careworn, and yet somewhat venerable in his demeanor—ragged, and yet not in a common beggar's garb, walking the streets exhibiting a miserable, obscence bird, to get for himself the means to buy his daily bread. I saw him hooted by the young, and I saw how the old passed him by on the other side. I heard him ask for a cast off garment to protect his aged limbs from the cold. I knew, after this, how he would sometimes steal a place, where he might lay his feeble head at nightfall. It was that gifted youth, and this was the change which half a century had wrought!

In the early years of his profession, he had been led to do a deed, which brought shame and disappointment upon him, and he sought to quench the fire of remorse in the entoxicating cup. From this hour his strength departed from him. His mind had become a ruin, and yet there were columns and broken arches standing yet, which told how noble a temple once stood there. And at times across the old man's soul, there would flash a shadow of the thoughts and imagery of his youth, and as he caught a glimpse of his now blanched locks, and withered form, and tattered garb, for a moment his heart would sink within him. But the vigor of his mind had been long decayed, its balance deranged, his moral perceptions destroyed; and he had become a weak, drivelling old man, contented to live, as the beast—and to die as the beast dieth. And now he sleeps in an unhonored, unnoticed grave.

My friends, when you hear that a great and good man has gone to his rest, why do you mourn? Why does a nation clothe herself in sackcloth, when her benefactors sink into the grave? Tears are not shed for the departed, he has gone to his reward and his works do follow him. You mourn for the loss of moral power, which the land has suffered by his death, you lament the absence of his influence and example. But who mourns for the loss of moral power, which we suffer through the ruin of intemperance? I have given but a single example of this loss, but there is not a department in church or state, but would furnish a multitude of such illustrations. How many great men have fallen in our land! How often have the strongest energies of the mind been blasted! And not only have the stern, inflexible powers of the soul been overturned, but the more delicate affections have, too, all been withered! The storm, which has scathed the rock-bound summit, has not spared the fragile and bending flower which bloomed upon the mountain's side.

The desolation reaches every part of the moral and intellectual man, it dries up the current of thought, it crushes every sympathy, and kills even the germ of religious life.

I know that very much has been said upon this subject, but that the extent of the evil is not yet fully realized, is evident from the fact, that the whole community has not risen up in its might, and declared that the instruments of the evil shall exist no longer.

Unless you take the pains to inform yourself upon the subject, or unless the tide of ruin dashes against your own door post, you will not be likely to *feel* the danger.

But if the evil reached us in some more direct form, if, once in every year, a messenger should be sent to visit every town and village in our land, to select out a certain proportion of men, and women, and children, to make up a great band of slaves for the use of a despotic tyrant; and if, of this enslaved band, thirty

be imagined, when the crier, drawing himself up to his full length, bawled out— of drinking a form and a regulation, which was as imperative as ruinous. But within a few of individuals and societies. A great number though we may often and justly

thousand should every year be sent down to a shameful grave,—would the million of freemen in the land live on, in quiet sufferance of the foul oppression?

Or if, every year, emissaries should be sent forth to travel through the land, with enticing and lying words, to induce the unwary to buy, and consume some noxious drug, fatal to the life of both spirit and body, would the law let these men alone?

Or if, you could in one conception, be made to comprehend the misery, the agonies the shame, the gradual extinction of moral and intellectual life, which *one* human soul passes through, before it can go from the sunny height down into the dark depths of foul corruption,—if all the fitful resolutions, the hurried prayers, the solemn vows, the wretched hours of suspense and doubtful combatings between temptation and virtue, the tears and groans of remorse, could be put into one picture, there is not a man in this assembly, but would ever after clasp his teeth,

'And not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.'

What a solemn lesson would it read to us, if we could go down into the recesses of a great and noble mind, and study there the process of ruin, through which that mind goes to destruction! to mark the cloud gradually roll up and gather its sable folds over that reason, once so mighty, whose operation once thrilled us with such awe—to watch the fires of holy affection one by one go out—to see the purity and quiet innocence of that soul each day more and more polluted—to witness its startling convulsions, as the mind strives ever and anon to shake off the deadly influence, under which it is fast sinking into a moral grave—and, finally, to watch the calm, the stagnant calm of spiritual death steal over the soul, to observe how quietly at last the victim lies down to die, quietly because a *moral mortification* has begun within him—O, my soul, come not thou into this secret!

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE GRAVE OF MY DAUGHTER.

The sweet month has again returned—the first of the summer months—which will ever be remembered by me as the season when my cherished one sickened and died. If not a father, reader, you may pass on to the next article, though I should delight to detain you near my little daughter's grave for a few moments. But if the pulse of parental love has ever had vitality in your bosom, I need not apologize. My feelings, my sympathies, my joys, my sorrows are yours. Two years have now elapsed since that day when death first entered my family. The whole scene rushes vividly before the mind, showing how deep and strong was the impression then made. The first attack of the insidious disease—the promise of recovery—then the relapse—the incessant anxieties—the unsleeping vigils—the anguish of the helpless sufferer—her sweet submission to the will of God—her triumph over death and the grave—in a word, the succession of emotions, that, like wave after wave, swept across our bosoms, while life hung in fearful uncertainty, all these are engraven, as with the point of a diamond, on the table of the memory. Nor would we erase them. It is not a mere dream of the poet's imagination, that there is 'luxury in grief.' This idea is true to nature. Not indeed that the pain is not intense, when those chords of the heart are struck, which are the very seat of the most exquisite sensibility, but that pain is mellowed and hallowed by some mysterious influence, flowing from the inexhaustible fountain of infinite benevolence. I never knew a serious and devout heart that would have wished its chastisements in any other shape than that conceived by Divine Wisdom. The thorn is indeed there, but so is the fragrant rose. If the one pierces, the other soothes.

'The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'

When once the mind has surmounted the difficulties that press upon it, it acts with increased vigor and a more enlarged freedom. At first the attention becomes riveted to the mass of breathless clay. With a too intense, but pardonable fondness, it clings, as Doddridge tenderly expresses it, to 'the darling dust.' *There* is the image of your child; and what a ray of comfort darts across the deep sorrow of the soul, when you can see and say, or hear others say, '*she looks natural!*' Not long will that be true. Those lips, once instinct with the warm coloring of life, are now cold and colorless. Would they would remain even so! But no, they must decay, and be hidden in the dust. The cheek that was often pressed to yours in the ardor of filial love, has now on it only the marble chill of death. Oh how the heart writhes in a paroxysm of agony, when the truth and reality of the thing are felt. Would it were literal marble, that the heart might love *that*; but no, the decay of the grave must deform and dissolve the fair clay. The slumberer will not indeed be sensible to this process, but the living know it. The father knows that the cherished form of his child moulders in the grave. The mother knows that the loved one, whom she bore, and nursed, and fondled, is now buried out of her sight. Such is the sad necessity of death! And it is on these subjects that the mind is too prone to dwell. The heart lingers too much round these visible scenes. 'She goeth to the grave to weep there.' Oh why did she not *look up*? Contemplations that are bounded only by the limits of the grave are less fitted to minister consolation to affliction than nutriment to sorrow, even that 'sorrow of the world that worketh death.' If the soul in the tumult of its grief, will but pause a moment, and listen, it will soon hear a voice saying: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' This changes the entire scene. It is no more *sight*, but *faith*. What a world of wonders does faith unfold to the view! *Now*, we can see the ransomed spirit, not as it is oppressed with doubt and agonized with suffering, but spreading the unclogged wings of its love, and expatiating with rapture amid scenes of heavenly beauty and songs of seraphic melody. Who would be so cruel as to call that spirit back, again to be soiled with the dust of earth; to re-endure its sorrows; to be again endangered by its fascinations; flattered with its illusions; distracted with its cares, and deceived by its promises? Is it not better for the soul to find 'its long sought rest?' to be disrobed of its earthly mantle; to enter the pure and perfect society of the blessed; to dwell where Holiness holds its court; where angels tune their harps; where the redeemed swell the high anthem of praise to the exalted LAMB; where it will never be interrupted in that worship, which was the original privilege and the delicious employment of the soul, 'created in the image of God.'

Requiescat in pace.

Here then is the dust of my child. *Let it rest in peace.* Many a sweet spring shall put forth its blossoms in sight of this early grave, but my little flower will remain crushed within its dark bosom. Many a gay summer will shed its beauty around the scene, and the bright colors of Autumn will illumine yonder woodlands, but in this world my loved one will never smile again. Oh the inexorable despotism of death! Oh the iron-hearted sovereignty of the grave! The thought is almost insupportable. But again religion teaches us to lift our eyes from the ashes of the dead to the region of pure, ethereal existence, of spiritual love, of unsullied holiness, and uninterrupted happiness. Nay, this must be the very object of dispensations like these, to summon the mind to the contemplation of its superior good, and to attract the heart towards the centre of every pure affection; the supreme object of love and adoration to every holy being. Then let these things come in their time. They come not by chance. Inspiration eloquently teaches us that they 'come not of the dust, nor spring out of the ground.' It tells us that 'Life is a vapor.' How many parents can attest it!

'She came and passed. Can we forget
How we, whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere four autumnal suns had set,
Consigned her to her Mother Earth?
Joys and their memory pass away,
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they!'

Heaven will equalize all! The soul that breathes its aspiration for such perfection, can never receive amiss what heaven sends.

A FATHER.

IDLE WORDS.

Bishop Burgess, in speaking of his intimate friendship with Archbishop Leighton,—intimacy which existed unbroken for more than twenty-two years—says, 'I never, during that period, heard him utter an idle word, nor one that did not tend directly to edification, nor did I ever see him in any other temper of mind than such as I should desire to be found in when I come to die.' Such was the living evidence of the power of Christianity, that the holy Leighton exhibited in his daily walk and conversation—such were the footsteps that led him on from one stage of Christian advancement to another, until he passed from his region of effort to that of fruition, and joined the cloud of witnesses, who day and night circle the throne rejoicing—and such must be our footsteps, if we expect to meet that blessed group!—If we live by the Spirit, we must also walk by the Spirit. We must walk above the toys and trifles and petty cares of earth, and keep close to Him, who while he did his Father's work in this world, mingled not in the sins and follies of those among whom he labored.

Such an example as that of Leighton does more to convince men of the reality and truth of the religion of the Bible, than all the volumes of evidences that have ever been written.

But of how few could such a testimony be rendered!—of how few could a christian friend and brother say—'I never heard him utter an idle word or one that did not tend directly to edification.' Unprofitable at last, if not vain and trifling, is most of our conversations, and how little do we think of that solemn hour when every word shall be brought into judgment.

'We always do good or harm,' says the pious Wilson, 'by our conversation. We either confirm men in sin, or awaken them to holiness.' —With a voice of far higher authority and power, the inspired penman bids us to remember that by our words we shall be justified, and by our words condemned.

Let us then watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation ourselves, or become the leaders of others, and in all our intercourse with our fellow men, let us make the psalmist's petition ours—'Set then thy guard upon my lips, that I sin not with my tongue.'—*Southern Churchman.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

Mr Editor.—The writer of the article signed 'L. E. P.'—while she would wholly decline any controversy upon the subject, with those whom she can perceive hold some sentiments with which she cordially sympathises; would simply express her surprise, that the article in question being, as it was, the simple and sincere expression of individual feeling, could have called forth the *peculiarly caustic* and *pointed remarks*, contained in the last number of the Register.

At the time it was written, she certainly did not admit the idea of presuming to enter the list with combatants of such Herculean power, whose weapons too, were so finely tempered, and so highly polished. By a strange infatuation however, forcible as are the arguments presented by your correspondents, she still, with something of masculine obstinacy, retains her opinions; and believes that the sphere to which she alluded, is so wide and comprehensive, that happy indeed may be the mother, daughter, or sister who can in sincerity, say, 'it has been filled, no duties have been unperformed'—when this has been exhausted, when nothing more remains to be done, she may then freely go forth to the world in another capacity, the intellectual leader or the political demagogue, if she pleases.

'L. E. P.' must regret the probably unintentional perversion of her expression, and misconception of her sentiments—she never hinted that the 'applause of the world' the 'harangue of man' was to be the end and aim of virtuous endeavors, that it should enter the mind even as a minor motive, she spoke of it merely as the tribute which good sense and correct feeling must voluntarily lay at the shrine of modest and unpretending feminine excellence. The inference would at *least seem as natural* that the 'applause of conscience' would be regarded by her who pursues her retired path, in obedience to the apostolic command 'guides the house,' and cultivates a meek and quiet spirit, as by her who finds happiness and celebrity in the bustling scenes of life. We are yet to learn that the apostle made a radical and fatal mistake, when he declared that 'a meek and quiet spirit was an ornament of great price.' The writer of the article alluded to, *did not there, she never has*, admitted the idea that the appropriate sphere of woman was a less honorable or less excellent one, than that of man, but she does most sincerely believe that, from the very nature of things, the very constitution of society, it must be a *different one*—she would never limit the power of woman in the cause of charity and love, she would never cramp her intellectual powers, or check her in the promotion of any enterprise, which may advance the best interests of society, but these things may be done quietly, noiselessly, in every instance with a spirit which would avoid, rather than seek notoriety.

Neither did she for a moment, assert that in a *spiritual sense*, religion had done more for woman than for man, but she did not mean that in a *social* sense, it had done more, infinitely more for her than for him, since the records of the past, and a comparison of the present state of the female sex in all countries where the holy light of Christianity has dawned, with those where its blessed influence is unknown, will bear ample testimony to the fact—for was it not proverbial, that 'though Allah might give an angel's form, he ever denied the higher gift of a soul.'—To the remark of 'S' that 'woman was not more degraded than the tyranical master who degraded her,' we would reply, there is a vast difference between *voluntary* and *involuntary* degradation.

In answer too, to the remark that 'the public are our brothers and sisters, and surely we may talk in our own families,' she would say, that in all charity, she cannot believe 'S' takes a *more* enlarged view of Christian benevolence than did the Apostle to the Gentiles, and yet St Paul never imagined the family circle, and the sacredness of the domestic ties to embrace in one a whole assembly, since he expressly says 'let your women keep silence in the churches'—'for it is a shame for women to speak in the church'—and in sundry other places, speaks in no equivocal terms of the mild, quiet, and retiring graces as peculiarly estimable in her character.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

I am struck with the following item, quoted from the *London Evangelical Magazine.*

'*Legacies to poor ministers.*—The late Mrs Dick, of mile end-Road, London, amongst other legacies to benevolent institutions, has bequeathed the following sums to dissenting ministers of small salaries:

To 50 ministers,	30*l.* each,	1500*l.*
To 10 ministers,	50*l.* each,	500*l.*
		2000*l.*'

The example is worthy of imitation; and is recorded with a hope that other individuals may be induced to devote a part of their property to the benefit of this highly important class of men. Many of them (though instrumentally) conferring the greatest benefit on their fellow creatures in their respective spheres, are receiving so small a remuneration for their services, that they are exposed to the greatest difficulties and consequently to the most depressing anxieties.'

What an unspeakable amount of comfort might be added to the lives and families of a multitude of those deserving men, who are living in constant anxiety because of their straitened circumstances, if rich men would imitate this example, and scatter among them, at death, a few of their superfluous thousands.

E. N. T.

A minister was recovering of a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: 'Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain your vigor of mind enough to preach as usual.' The good man answered, 'You are mistaken, my friend: for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity than any of my past studies and all my ten years' ministry put together.'

PULPIT ZEAL.

Extract of a letter from William Cowper, the poet, to his intimate friend, Rev. John Newton.

'No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be poked, though he will growl even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks that he is skilfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace that he may shine more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task he wonders that they are not converted. 'He has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in them of a truth,' he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever. But a man that loves me if he sees me in error will pity me, and endeavor carefully to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not therefore easy to conceive on what ground a minister can justify a conduct which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would strike him if he were not himself deluded.

A people will always love a minister, if a minister seems to love his people: therefore you were beloved at Olney.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

The following, translated from Herder for some odd corner of the Register, reminds me very much of a celebrated passage of Milton in his 'speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing.' The passage concludes, 'From that time, ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that is made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming: he shall bring together every joint and member and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.'

Yours truly, C. T. B.

BURIED TRUTH.

It is God alone, who awakens the dead; unless it be that he sometimes grants to one of his chosen the heavenly gift. We do well, to honor departed saints, at least in their graves, and keep their memory amongst us.

Thus it was, men came lately to the grave of a very celebrated, and according to tradition, very worthy person, Truth. All signs agreed in showing that this was the place where she lay, so they dug for her with great eagerness, with unwearied and expensive toil. At last they found her. No inscription, no memorial upon the ruins of her crumbling coffin,—save these few words which were made out.

'When my time comes,'

Her corpse was deformed, mutilated and covered with ordure. No spice, no balsam around it, but ordure into which it had ignominiously sunk, and which could with difficulty be removed from the fair, holy person. So! at last was found under her head a brazen tablet with this inscription:

I Truth
Daughter of God, and friend of men,
By Satan's wiles and the world's treachery,
By weakness of the flesh and tyranny,
By priestly sloth and worldly wisdom's malice,
The levity of wit—the pedant's folly,
The people's stubbornness,
Lie murdered, mangled here, covered with dung.
Thou after-world, fare well!
When a hundred years have fled
Again I shall see the sun.

What terror, what joy was there, when this Epitaph was discovered. They censured the former days, they praised the happy future age. A marble monument was erected to Truth, spices breathed perfume around her, garlands were consecrated to her, and at length the splendid Epitaph added:

If we had lived
In the days of our fathers;
We would not have been partakers with them
In the blood of murdered Truth.
Mat. 23, 30.

Monument and Epitaph were beautiful to behold; but Truth never awoke from her slumbers. They say she still sleeps in her splendid marble tomb, waiting till her time shall come.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

The anniversary of Independence was celebrated in Chelsea, by a union of all the Sunday Schools in the town. At 8 o'clock A. M. nearly three hundred children with their teachers, and pastors and many of their parents walked in procession to a beautiful willow grove which had been fitted up for the occasion. After the singing of a devotional hymn, by the children, a prayer was offered by Rev. Mr Alger. Appropriate addresses were made by each of the ministers of the town and by some other gentlemen present, interspersed with suitable music which was well performed by the children. All the exercises were conducted with animation and in a truly catholic spirit. The day, the place and the occasion seemed to kindle a glow of enthusiasm in every heart. And the universal feeling of those present appeared to be that it was one of the most delightful and happiest meetings that they ever attended. The following original hymn, written for the occasion by a teacher in one of the Sunday Schools, was sung to the tune of Old Hundred.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

Lord of the earth, whose gracious care
Afar to every realm extends,
Whose ear receives the humble prayer
When e'en a child before thee bends;

To thee our mingling voices rise
From grateful hearts a gift to bear;
O take our offering to the skies,
And lay it on thine altar there.

We crave thy blessing on the land
We call our own—be Thou its shield!
O let no foe's uplifted hand
Against its peace a weapon wield.

Not to our land alone, O Lord,
The precious boon of freedom give;
Speak out thy will—send forth thy word,—
Freedom proclaim to all that live!

And while to Thee our songs of praise
Rise for our country's liberty,
Our fervent, earnest prayer we raise
That thou wilt make our spirits free.

Break thou the chains our hearts that bind
To Sin's and Error's blighting sway;
So shall our longing spirits find
True freedom for an endless day!

AN ORDINANCE OF CROMWELL AGAINST DUELLING.—'It is enacted, That if any person should challenge or cause to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge to fight a duel, he shall be committed to prison, without bail, for six months, and find security for his good behavior for one whole year after. Persons challenged, not discovering it in twenty four hours afterwards, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, if death shall ensue, to be adjudged murder. The seconds, in the last case to be deemed principals; and in every other, to be banished from the Commonwealth for life, and to suffer death in case of return. CROMWELL.

'WHITEHALL, 1654, A. S.'

[Extracts from Mr Lothrop's Election Sermon.]

But notwitstanding these and other evils incident to republican institutions there is yet ground for us to cherish a rational and cheerful confidence in them, a confidence which will make us ready to do what we can to uphold, reserve, and perpetuate them in our land. Far be it from me to say anything that should encourage that weak and enervating sentiment of national vanity, which heretofore, perhaps we have been too prone to cherish and express; but I would do what I may, to check that equally weak and enervating sentiment of despondence and distrust, which is getting to pervade some portion of the community and which, so far as it prevails, palsies the energies and unnerves the heart for duty and usefulness. We are encompassed with evils and dangers and troubles, as every community and every individual, must be, in a world intended to be one of discipline and trial. Let us be watchful and guard against these. But we also possess essential and invaluable blessings and privileges, such as no other nation enjoys. We ought to strive to maintain and preserve these, and that we may preserve them, let us cherish that manly and rational hope, which inspires courage and intrepes to duty, and which will often win success, when doubt and despondency would inevitably lead to failure.

The very principle of our political organization, and the object and purpose of that organization, form one which, if there be goodness in God and hope in man, ought to inspire us with confidence. 'The greatest good of the greatest number' is the only principle, upon which any one whose heart has been touched by the spirit of Christian love, can wish to see the institutions of his country, or the society in which he dwells established. Our institutions are founded upon this principle. They embody it, they exhibit it, they carry it out, to a greater extent and on a larger scale than has ever been done before. And what is the result? Do they not present us a picture of social and domestic happiness, of extended and extending civilization, of physical, intellectual and moral advancement, such as the world has never seen? Undoubtedly there are countries, where within a comparatively narrow and prescribed circle, you may find more numerous refinements, and a higher degree of luxury, a small portion of society, more intellectual, more cultivated, more polished, more advanced in every respect, than can be met with among us. But can you find a country, in which intelligence, happiness, virtue, are so generally, so widely diffused, as they are in our own? Can you find one, in which there is so much competence and so little beggary; one in which so much might be retrenched from so many families, before poverty would be perceptible, or the cry of want be heard;* one in which there is such a vast aggregate amount of comfort, knowledge, enjoyment and progress? I question if you can find it upon earth. Are you rich and educated, possessing abundant means and refined tastes, you may unquestionably live more entirely as you wish, as your ease or convenience may dictate, in Paris or London, or Florence or Naples, or any of the gay and brilliant cities of Europe, than in the quiet city of the Pilgrims, or any of the growing, bustling, unadvanced cities of America. What then! are all rich? Must society, in forming its government, and moulding its institutions, and must we in judging of their excellencies and defects, have reference only to the convenience and gratification of a class, and that necessarily a small class of its members? Were you poor, or were your children poor; had you, or had they, to make their own way in the world, with no wealth but the strength of their own sinews and the energy of their own intellects, where would you place them? In the artificial society, under the arbitrary governments and limited despotisms of Europe, or among the bleak hills but healthy moral atmosphere of New England, where a broad and free path would be open for their attainment of all those objects, that give dignity and value to life? You cannot hesitate, no one could hesitate in his choice. An unhappy influence perhaps is produced by our frequent and increasing intercourse with Europe. Some of our countrymen seem to be blinded by its luxuries and splendor, so that they perceive not the fearful miseries and crying injustice of its social institutions and moral condition. Foreign residence and travel have made them dissatisfied with the simplicity of home, have so narrowed and darkened their hearts, that they can no longer rejoice in the wise and beneficent institutions of their country—institutions, which if they produce not in one extreme of society the most elaborated specimens of human nature, and permit them to live in the highest state of refinement and luxury, produce not in the other creatures half fiend and half brute, and condemn them to all but desperate poverty, ignorance and degradation, institutions which produce, it may be, a simpler, but far more general, diffusive, equalizing and advancing happiness. I have no sympathy with these, and much as I should like to see the glories of the old world, much as I should like to look upon its monuments, its temples, its multiplied and magnificent works of art, its natural scenery and its varied forms of social life, I would rather never see them, if the sight is to be purchased by the diminution, to the tything of a hair, of my love of liberty, my confidence in free institutions, my reverence for man and for all men, not as creatures and puppets of a state, but as beings of a glorious and improvable nature, of an ever unfolding and advancing destiny. For myself I cannot but rejoice, that here the *great Christian principle* of the common good, is not only theoretically acknowledged, but everything done to carry it out and apply it, and I cannot but have confidence that a principle so generous and divine, so consonant to the nobler dictates and nobler aspirations of man's nature, will not *fail*, nor the institutions founded upon it end in ruin and confusion.

*See Buckminster's Sermon, on our blessings as Americans.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1838.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The writer of the subjoined communication has not been pleased to send us his name, or to afford any means of ascertaining who or what he is or where he may be found. We do not therefore, consider that he has any claims upon us, of any kind. If we had known him, it would have afforded us pleasure to speak or write to him privately, in reference to his remarks, before publishing them. As it is, we insert his letter not because it possesses any extraordinary merit, but to use it, as we hope and intend, for a good purpose.

If it were not for a single and incidental phrase in the first sentence of the communication, we might have attributed it to an Archbishop. Indeed, the writer does subscribe himself, as might well befit the proudest Lord Spiritual, by the extensive and high-sounding title, '*Worcester County.*'

Now, we profess to entertain great respect for Worcester County, and for many individuals who have the honor of residing within its delightful precincts, but we do not recognise it as a *diocese* of any body, nor know any body as its Bishop or mouth-piece. Therefore, we shall not be charged with disrespect to our friends in the heart of the commonwealth if we venture to deal with this Shadow with a great name, as we think he deserves.

In the first place, W. C. has been '*grieved at the general spirit of the Register in reference to the Lord's Supper*' &c. If the writer means to say that he has seen two or three articles inserted in the columns of the Register as communications from individuals, on the subject of the *exclusiveness of the administration of the Lord's Supper*, which have not suited his own notions, it is all very well; it is likely enough; it is not surprising; and it is no very mighty matter after all.

He ought not to expect that every writer and thinker will agree with him in opinion and prejudice; particularly if they happened to think and write before they had heard of W. C., or learned to tremble at the anathemas of any body.

But, if W. C. means to insinuate that he has ever seen any thing from the pen, or heard any thing from the lips of the Editor of this paper that has savored in the least of irreverence towards or loose notions concerning the Eucharist, then we unhesitatingly repel his charge as false and slanderous, and appeal to every soul that has ever been made acquainted with our sentiments on this subject—which is as dear and interesting to us as to any unworthy man who presumes to honor the Master by sitting at his table—to bear witness to the sincerity and truth of this denial. And yet we cannot understand how the phrase, '*general spirit of the Register*,' can be interpreted so as not manifestly to involve the character and opinions of its Editor.

But, probably, W. C. considers that we are deserving of censure because we have allowed two or three articles against the Exclusiveness of the Lord's Supper, &c. to appear in the columns that are subject to our oversight and control. If such is his impression, we beg leave to assure him that those articles were published as the honest and sober convictions of individuals who represent a very large class of the members of our denomination and of the subscribers to this paper, who have a right to express their sentiments, so that it be in a decent way: and moreover, that two, at least, of the communications to which he refers have been highly praised by some of our best men, both of the clergy of the laity.

That we have admitted articles advocating certain opinions under the signatures of respectable individuals, by no means proves that we adopt those opinions as sound, or as our own. There are two sides to most questions, and both should have a fair hearing. And we are disposed to allow this hearing to all whom we consider to have a right to demand it.

If W. C. would drink more deeply of the *spirit* of Jesus Christ, he would learn that the true way to treat one who differs from him is not to assume Lordship over him, nor to abuse him, nor to denounce and make light of his opinions; but rather meekly to instruct him who opposes.

We proposed very briefly to examine W. C's argument—but have not room this week.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—In common with many of my fellow Christians, I have been grieved at the general spirit of the Register in reference to the Lord's Supper, and its alleged exclusive mode of administration. I have been grieved to witness in the columns of your paper, (which by the Christian community at large, is considered the organ of Unitarianism,) articles, whose tendency, if not express object, was to divest the sacred Ordinance of every circumstance, which, in my view is suited to secure its reverential observance. An article of this character, appeared in the Register of the 15th inst. with the subscription B., containing the crude and undigested, the illy conceived and illy expressed impressions of some one, who had undoubtedly mistaken his vocation. I do not speak thus because I would call in question the good intention of the author, but because I believe that the restless spirit of innovation, which seems to have made its abode even in many *ungarnished* minds, and would divest the Christian temple of its very pillars, needs to be rebuked. But it is not my purpose to trouble your readers with an extended notice of the article to which I have adverted. To most of them, it is hoped, its crudities and absurdities, will be sufficiently manifest, without any aid of mine. I have given it this, perhaps, undeserved notice, not on account of itself, but of the important questions which it involves and settles, at least, to its author's satisfaction.

We have an express command to commemorate the sufferings and death of the Savior. In accordance with this command, his table is spread in our Churches. And the question here arises, to which I have alluded. Has any body of men the power to prescribe any terms of admission to this table, or is its approach to be made free and unobstructed to all of every character? If Apostolic usage were received as a criterion of judging, the question could be easily set at rest. The individual churches which they established, all will grant, were vested with power, (after certain preliminary steps were taken for the reformation of offenders,) of ejection, *from* their body; which certainly implies the right of prescribing the conditions of admission *to* it. Is there then, I ask, any peculiarity in the Christian Church at the present day, which can render criminal, the adoption of the discipline of its first ages?

These questions are proposed for the consideration of those, who through the medium of the Register, have, from time to time, depicted the horrors of Church exclusiveness, in separating the 'righteous from the unholy,' and the peculiarly delightful impressions felt in commemorating a Savior's dying love in 'conjunction with a whole congregation.' The main question, it should be observed, is not whether a Church has a right to prescribe an unscriptural creed, and to make the reception of this an imperative condition of admission to the Lord's table—but it is, whether a Church has a right to prescribe *any* terms of admission to its fellowship?

Until these questions are satisfactorily answered, it is hoped that no writer, by giving publicity to his 'impressions,' will furnish the ungodly, with a subterfuge, of which he was before ignorant, but of which he will promptly avail himself to screen him in his neglect of duty. WORCESTER COUNTY.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

This number is equal to any that we remember to have read. We have marked some fine passages of several of the articles, from which it is our intention soon to make a few selections. The following is the table of Contents.

Fifty years of Ohio; Milton; Political Economy; Anglo-Saxon Literature; McKenny and Hall's Indian History; Fashions in Dress; Holmes's Prize Dissertations; Voyages of the Zeni; Romantic Poetry in Italy; Critical Notices; Editor's Note; Quarterly List of New Publications.

CARLYLE'S MISCELLANIES.

We learn that Messrs James Munroe & Co. are about issuing the Critical and Miscellaneous

Writings of Thomas Carlyle, Esq. Gentlemen holding subscription papers for the work are requested to forward them to the publishers without delay.

The Miscellanies will doubtless, be eagerly sought after by the reading community, and will add an interesting and valuable book to the slowly increasing number of popular and useful publications that are in circulation in our country.

UNITARIAN MISSIONS.

We are gratified to learn that our several missionaries now in the West have met everywhere with the most encouraging reception, and that their labors have generally, been crowned with unexpected success. Particulars we do not feel authorized at this moment, publicly to state —they will be made known to our readers at the proper time.

Nothing could be more cheering than the intelligence which is continually reaching us from various quarters, concerning the openings which are offered for the dissemination of liberal christianity. In almost every letter which we receive from our subscribers in the West, more or less is said to assure us that our cause is silently but steadily gaining ground; and private information from some places of importance indicates that changes on a large scale are on the eve of taking place in favor of Unitarian doctrines.

All we want is men of the right stamp, fired with zeal as Evangelists, and willing to devote themselves to the difficult but noble and delightful work of laying the foundation of Churches, and building up societies in new, and, as it regards religious culture, waste places. The harvest truly is plenteous, and the fields are already white, but the laborers are few—Let us pray more fervently to the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND OF LIGHTNING.

The subjoined letter from an esteemed friend will be read with interest. It speaks well for New Hampshire,—a state which we are happy to perceive is becoming more and more illustrious under the auspices of a galaxy of rising stars.

The circumstance which our friend mentions concerning the lightning at Nashua is a singular coincidence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr Editor,—The meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association was held at Concord a short time since, and a very good spirit was manifested. An hundred and thirty dollars was collected towards supporting an agent in the State, and it was voted, that a sufficient sum be raised to employ an agent for the ensuing year. A Report was read by Mr Thomas. Addresses were made by Messrs Prentiss, Livermore and Osgood.

A great deal of interest in moral subjects has been shown during the past session of the legislature. Mr Brooks met with a very hearty response in his appeal in behalf of Education, especially in its moral and religious aspects.

A very spirited meeting of those interested in establishing an Insane Hospital in this State was held at Concord. Addresses were made by Messrs Benton, Dwight, Peasely, Livermore, Judge Parker, Messrs Livermore, Haven, Osgood and Fox. The matter did not end in mere talk: for the Legislature have passed the desired bill, and voted a large sum for the object, on condition that a like sum be given by individual subscription. Of the fifteen thousand dollars to be raised by private subscription, five thousand have been raised in a single town; and no doubt is entertained that the whole amount will be soon subscribed. Our State is thus doing nobly. If men understood New Hampshire better, they would be ashamed of the sneers, in which they are so fond of indulging. There are some lessons in government and morals, which the yeomanry of this State are able to teach to their magnates of your revered Massachusetts, were these humble enough to learn.

As to our religious Society here, the prospects are good. The house is full, and we are now enlarging it. The number of communicants is increasing, and much interest is manifested in all the concerns of religion.

Our Church was this morning surrounded by a wall of fire. The lightning ran round a chain fence, and did no harm but split some posts. The other Societies cannot say the hand of Providence is against us: for the Baptist and two Orthodox Churches were struck too.

Nashua, July 2d, 1838.

PROBUS: OR ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

We are happy to announce the publication of this delightful work by the distinguished author of Letters from Palmyra. Our particular notice of it must be deferred till next week.

MR LOTHROP'S ARTILLERY ELECTION SERMON.

This discourse delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company on their two hundredth Anniversary, and now published by request, is in every respect worthy of its author, and is well adapted to the occasion for which it was prepared. It is somewhat remarkable that one of the predecessors of Mr Lothrop preached the sermon on the one hundreth anniversary of the same association.

Mr Lothrop has made good use of the scanty historical fragments that were furnished to his hand, and has interspersed amongst the interesting reminiscences that of necessity occupy a large portion of his discourse, many patriotic and seasonable reflections and suggestions.

The sentiments expressed in the extract which we have published are honorable alike to the head and the heart of him who uttered them.

☞ PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There is a weighty and excellent article on our first page, on the *morality of the Sabbath*, from the pen of one of the most venerable as well as soundest divines of this commonwealth, in the typography of which several errors have accidentally occurred, which we take this opportunity to correct.

The article should have been signed E. R. and not E. K.

In the 6th line from the beginning after *viewing* insert *it*. In the 7th line before *honor* insert *the*. In the 3d paragraph 13th line for *thing* read *things*. In the 2d column 13th line from top read *authority* for *auty*, and in 27 line before *mild* insert *a*.

We rejoice to see such a bright evidence as this Communication furnishes, that the vigor of the writer's intellect is unabated by the weight of years.

Cambridge, July 3d, 1838.

Dear Sir.—I will send you for next week's Register the names of the class and their subjects for the Annual Visitation of the school. in the mean time will you have the goodness to insert this week, the following notice, that our more remote Brethren may have full opportunity to make their arrangements and attend.

Yours truly.

The annual visitation of Divinity College, Cambridge, will be on Wednesday July 18th. Exercises by the graduating class will commence at 10 o'clock, in the University Chapel, —which all interested are invited to attend.

In the afternoon of the same day, a committee, appointed last year, will report on the expediency of forming an association of the Alumni of Divinity College and of such as have pursued their Theological studies at Cambridge, to meet annually and have an address. It is understood that the Committee will report in favor of such an association, and all our Brethren, who can attend, are earnestly requested to be present.

EDWARD CHANDLER UPHAM.

Most sincerely and deeply do we sympathise with the Parents of this peculiarly promising and lovely boy, who, literally, did not seem to die, for the excellent glory and joy and peace of Heaven came down and shone around him many days before his sweet spirit left its beautiful clay, and finally shut him in from the fond gaze of his loving and admiring friends.

There is no biography of any pious child which, the history of his short life, if written, would not fully equal. We could almost wish that the world might read it—but it is indelibly inscribed on the unfading tablets of many hearts, and, faithfully recorded in the Lord's 'Book of remembrance' against the day when He shall make up His Jewels.

N. B. We acknowledge the receipt of 'Lines on the wreck of the Pulaski,' from the pen of a highly accomplished poet, who will accept our thanks for this and a former valuable favor. We regret that the Lines came to hand too late for insertion this week.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

We take occasion to slip a few lines into this paper without the particular knowledge of our worthy friend, the printer, Mr Minot Pratt, just to say that he is the author of the excellent Hymn, sung at the Sunday School celebration at Chelsea, and also of several good pieces of Poetry that have appeared in the Register, signed M.—among which were some very beautiful verses entitled 'The Sailor's Return.'

UNIVERSITY AT ATHENS.

Our readers are perhaps aware that a University has been established at Athens, Greece, under the patronage of King Otho. It appears to be founded upon a broad and we hope permanent basis. It comprises four departments: Theology, and General Science, Medicine, and Law and Political Economy. By letters which we have recently received from Mrs Hill, we learn that Otho has placed at the head of the Faculty of Theology, a man, [Michael,] whom they regard as the Melancthon of the Eastern church. His inaugural discourse at the opening of the University, is said to have produced considerable sensation—and to have given no little umbrage to certain of the Greek Ecclesiastics present. The reason was obvious—he dwelt in a tone of just severity upon the prevailing lamentable ignorance of the clergy of the Eastern Church. He has a great and noble work before him. The Lord bless him in it, and give him not only the God-fearing meekness and wisdom of Melancthon,—but the staunch heroism and patient endurance of persecution unto the death, if need be, of the martyred reformers of our Anglican Mother Church.

We rejoice also to find in the chair of Moral Philosophy in the King's University, Professor Bambas, long well and worthily known to European and American scholars. He will prove a valuable coadjutor of Michael. As a scholar, he has been regarded as second among the Greeks, only to the late Dr Coray. He is now somewhat advanced in age—about sixty—but still we are grateful to learn, possessing great vigor of physical and mental health, and a weight of character which secures to him an ascendant and commanding influence among his countrymen. If the other chairs are filled by men of at all kindred spirit and ability, what with God's blessing, may we not expect from this beginning?—*Gambier Observer.*

SCRAPS.

Extraordinary Discovery.—The Dane has for many centuries been celebrated for a decisive battle between the Danes and the Saxons; entire skeletons, bodies decomposed, armor, and warlike weapons of the most ancient calibra, have been from time to time discovered, exciting the inquiry of the antiquarian and the astonishment of the natives, and many a spear that glittered in the sunbeams lies deeply buried there. A more recent circumstance is now the all-engrossing topic, and the good folks of Margate are wondering. Belle Vue Cottage, a detached residence, has been lately purchased by a gentleman, who, having occasion for some alterations, directed the workmen to excavate some few feet, during which operation the work was impeded by a large stone; the gentleman being immediately called to the spot, directed a minute examination, which led to the discovery of an extensive grotto, completely studed in shells with curious devices, most elaborately worked up, extending an immense distance in serpentine walks, alcoves, and lanes, the whole forming one of the most curious and interesting sights that can possibly be conceived, and must have been executed by torch light.

The One Idea.—A noble lord was asked by his fair lady, at the Chapel Royal last week, what the *collect* for the day was? Lord ——— replied, 'Oh! it is the second Sunday before the Derby races.'

It is curious that the second edition of a German work is generally much altered from the first, and admits not only of variation of statements, but often direct contradiction of its former self. Jacobi, no inconsiderable man, published a book, turning much on a distinction, unknown in this country, between the reason and the understanding, but the second edition had appended to itth is important erratum for the benefit of those readers who might still wish to make use of their original copies:—'Wherever you find *understanding* read *reason*, and for *reason* read *understanding*.

Wilberforce's Reasons for Declining a Peerage.—In the course of this autumn an arrangement was suggested to him by the friendly zeal of Sir John Sinclair, which would have removed him to the calmer atmosphere of the Upper House. 'To your friendly suggestion,' was his remarkable reply, 'respecting changing the field of my parliamentary labors, I must say a word, premising, that I do not intend to continue in public life longer than the present Parliament. I will not deny that there have been periods in my life when, on worldly principles, the attainment of a permanent, easy, and quiet seat in the legislature would have been a pretty strong temptation to me. But, I thank God, I was strengthened against yielding to it. For (understand me rightly) as I had done nothing to make it naturally come to me, I must have endeavored to go to it; and this would have been carving for myself, if I may use the expression, much more than a Christian ought to do.'

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday 25th, a communication was presented, from the Commissioner on Indian Affairs, relative to the exchange of lands southwest of the river Missouri, for lands claimed by the Potawatomie and other Indians. Several memorials and remonstrances were presented and laid on the table.

Mr Nichols, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill authorizing vessels bound to the ports of Mexico, and excluded from them by blockade, to enter and secure their cargoes in the ports of the U. States, which was read and ordered to a second reading.

Mr Ruggles, from the committee on Patents, made a report unfavorable to the passage of the international copy right bill, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. Several private bills were taken up and passed, and several other unimportant bills.

In the House of Representatives, the presentation of resolutions being in order, the following among many others was presented and agreed to.

On motion of Mr Fletcher, of Massachusetts,

Resolved, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the necessity of amending the laws to prevent fraud on the revenue in the entry of goods at the custom house.

After the recess, at half past 3, the House, in committee of the whole, resumed the consideration of the Sub Treasury Bill. After some debate the question was put on the pending motion of Mr Garland of Virginia, to strike out the enacting clause; and being taken by tellers, was carried—ayes 92, noes 86.

The Committee instantly rose, and reported the bill with the enacting clause struck out. As soon as the Speaker took the Chair, Mr Sherrod Williams moved the Previous Question.

The call for the Previous question was sustained This cuts off every thing in the shape of amendments: and the motion to strike out the enacting clause being of that character was cut off, and the main question was announced by the Speaker to be on ordering the bill to be engrossed and read a third time.

This was decided in the negative—yeas 111, nays 125. Majority against the bill 14.

In the Senate on Tuesday, Mr Webster gave notice that he should tomorrow move to take up the bill introduced by him in regard to the deposite of the public money, and the reception of notes of banks which issue small bills.

The resolution from the House, fixing the 9th of July for the day of adjournment, was taken up, and after some discussion, a motion by Mr Benton to lay it on the table was negatived, yeas 8, nays 39, and the resolution was then agreed to without a division. The 9th of July is therefore fixed as the day of adjournment.

Mr Buchanan, by consent, introduced a bill to provide for the safe keeping of the public money by the Treasurer of the United States, 'according to the provisions of the act of 1789.' It authorizes and requires the Treasurer, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, to order collectors and receivers of the public money to make, at least once in six days, special deposites in gold and silver, of the amount remaining in their hands, to the credit of the United States, in such banks as the Secretary may select, and under such regulations as the Treasurer, under the Secretary, should dictate, so as to secure the money, and to render the Secretary and Treasurer at all times acquainted with the condition of such banks; the Treasurer to report to Congress, within a week of the opening of each session, the banks selected, the rules and restrictions under which they had accepted the deposites, and the compensation for which they would perform the service required, &c.

The principal of the remaining features of the bill were understood to be, that, after a given time, no bank notes should be received under the denomination of ten dollars, and after a further given time, none under twenty dollars.

The bill was read, passed to a second reading, and ordered to be printed.

In the House, on Tuesday, sundry resolutions were offered and agreed to. Mr Adams resumed his speech on the Texas subject, and continued it until the expiration of the morning hour.

A motion was made to re-consider the vote by which the Sub-Treasury bill was rejected, but it was lost, yeas 21, nays 205.

A motion to suspend the rules for the purpose of introducing the special deposite scheme was lost, yeas 70, nays 155.

Several bills returned from the Senate, with amendments, were taken up and the amendments concurred in. After several unsuccessful attempts to give priority to certain bills named by members, the Army bill was taken up and considered until the hour of recess.

The Senate, on Wednesday, engaged most of the day on private bills.

In the House, Mr Adams, who was entitled to the floor, waived his right, in order to enable the House to received reports from standing committees.

As soon as the reports had been made, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr Ingham in in the chair, and took up the Army Bill. The Bill provides for an increase of the Army to the amount of six or seven thousand 'rank and file.'

On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr Buchanan's Deposite bill, was discussed all day.

In the House, Mr Adams concluded his speech on the Texas question.

The House went into committee of the whole on the Army Bill, which was discussed at length.

In the Senate on Friday, Mr Norvell, from the committee on commerce, reported a bill making appropriations for building light houses, coast surveys, &c. which was ordered to a second reading.

Mr Wright presented an analysis of the expenses of the government, from the commencement of the government, and particularly for the years 1833 and 1837, which was laid on the table, and 2000 copies ordered to be printed.

Mr Webster's bill making further provision for the collection of the revenue was taken up, the question being on the adoption of Mr Buchanan's substitute. After some debate, the question was put, and the substitute was adopted—yeas 26, nays 24. So the substitute became the bill, and it was, in its turn rejected on the question of its engrossment: yeas 21, nays 29.

In the House of Representatives, two or three resolutions were passed, after which several bills relating to the District of Columbia, which excited no debate, was read a third time and passed. Mr Adams proceeded in his remarks on the Texas question, until the expiration of the morning hour.

Mr Sergeant obtained leave to offer the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be requested to collect, and report to Congress on the first day of the next session, all the information that can be obtained as to the use of steam engines in United States, and the accidents and loss of life or property which have attended their use.

The army increase bill, as reported by the Committee of the Whole, with amendments, was taken up and further debated. Several amendments were considered, and before coming to a final decision the House adjourned for the recess.

In the Senate on Saturday, June 30th, Mr Wright introduced a bill, suspending till October next the five dollar note restriction of the deposite act of 1836. Mr Webster moved to amend the bill by inserting a second section suspending for the same period the prohibition in the act of 1836, against the selection of such banks as depositories of the public money which, after the passage of that act, should issue or pay out bills of a less denomination than five dollars.

Mr Wright then moved an amendment repealing the whole of the deposite act of 1836, except the section relative to the disposal of the surplus revenue, and the clause of the fifth section as above amended. After considerable debate, Mr Wright's amendment was agreed to—yeas 26, nays 21. This leaves the public money in the Treasury under the direction of the Secretary, according to the law of 1789.

The House was engaged all the morning in a debate on the Army Bill.

INTELLIGENCE.

Expenditures of the Government.—In the House of Representatives on Thursday last, the Speaker laid before the House a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, in answer to a resolution of the 25th ult. showing the amounts of expenditure, exclusive of the public debt, for each year, from 1824 to 1838. They are as follows, viz:

For the year	1824,	$15,330,144 71
Ditto	1825,	11,490,455 94
Ditto	1826,	13,062,316 27
Ditto	1827,	12,653,095 65
Ditto	1828,	13,296,041 45
Ditto	1829,	12,660,460 62
Ditto	1830,	13,229,533 33
Ditto	1831,	13,864,067 90
Ditto	1832,	16,516,388 77
Ditto	1833,	22,713,755 11
Ditto	1834,	18,425,417 25
Ditto	1835,	17,514,950 28
Ditto	1836,	30,868,164 04
Ditto	1837,	*39,164,745 37

* This sum is subject to small variation on the settlement of the accounts of the Treasurer.

Note. The above sums include payment for Trust Funds and Indemnities, which, in 1837, were $5,610,404 36.

The Cherokees.—General Scott and suite were at Athens, Tenn. on the 9th. inst. and left on the following day for Fort Butler, North Carolina. The Journal states that about seven thousand of the Cherokees have been collected, one thousand of whom have set out for their new homes in the West. The Gen. is of opinion that the whole nation can be removed in a short time, unless his operations should be arrested by new arrangements.

Gen. Bagby, of Alabama, has written a letter to the Secretary of War, refusing the assent of the state to the proposition for allowing the Cherokees further time for removing to the West.

The Governor of Alabama (we learn from the Nashville Union) has issued orders for calling into service 1500 of the militia of that State, 500 of whom are to be mounted men. The troops are to be mustered, organized, and then discharged, subject to be called into service at a moment's warning. The reason assigned by the Governor for this measure is the apprehension of difficulties with the Cherokees. From present appearances there will be no necessity for the services of these men, as the Indians are peaceably taking their way to the West under the judicious arrangements of General Scott, without the slightest indications of hostility.

Silk Ribbon, in great perfection, is manufactured by Messrs. S. & T. Whitmarsh, at their factory, near south-street Bridge. The loom used was constructed by Mr F. Downing, of Enfield, and a more perfect and beautiful piece of machinery we have rarely seen. It is capable of weaving to urteen pieces of ribbon, of different widths, at the same time, and it does weave them exquisitely. Some specimens which we have in our possession, the product of this machine, are not surpassed by any ribbon of foreign manufacture. This branch of business, as well as the manufacture of Sewing Silk, promises to be a very lucrative business to the enterprising proprietors in Northampton.—*Northampton Courier.*

U. S. Pensioner.—According to a document presented to the House of Representatives, the number of pensioners now on the rolls is as follows:

Invalid Pensioners,	4,121
Under act March 18th, 1818.	8,930
" May 15th, 1828,	692
" June 7th, 1832,	25,783
" July 4th, 1836,	1,932
Total,	41,458

An Astronomical observatory, the first in this country, has just been completed at Williams's College, principally through the instrumentality of Professor Hopkins. This institution continues to thrive under the well merited patronage of the public.—*Northampton Courier.*

The friends of the unfortunate insane will be gratified to learn that the bill to incorporate an association for the purpose of establishing an asylum, has passed both branches of the Legislature, and, ere this paper has reached its distant subscribers, will doubtless have received the approval of the Governor.

The bill appropriates thirty shares of the New Hampshire Bank, being the property of the State, for the purpose of erecting the necessary establishment, to be made over to the association, whenever they shall have furnished to the Governor satisfactory evidence that fifteen thousand dollars has been raised from other sources, or secured to be appropriated to that object.—We presume there can be little doubt, that steps will be immediately taken, to carry into effect the objects of this worthy charity, which so much engages the attention of the charitable, and the good of our State.—*New Hampshire Statesman.*

Upper Canada.—The papers for some days past have contained accounts so exaggerated and contradictory of an affair which took place on the 20th inst. on the Canada side of the Niagara, that it has been difficult to discover what degree of truth they were founded upon. It appears that a large number of brigands assembled at the place called Short Hills, 12 miles from Chippewa, and attacked a small party of British Lancers, and took them prisoners. Some of the accounts say, that there were 2000 Patriots, and that they defeated a body of 100 Lancers; others, with more probability, estimate the Patriots at 400, and the Lancers at 10 of whom some of the accounts say, that four were killed. Gov. Arthur has issued a proclamation, requiring that no person shall be permitted to leave the shore on the British side of the Niagara river, unless he shall give a full and reasonable account of himself, and show that he is coming or going in the prosecution of his lawful business, in which case he shall be furnished with a passport to secure him from molestation.—*Daily Adv.*

We learn this afternoon by a gentleman from Waterloo, that every thing is perfectly quiet on that side of the lines—the ferries are running as usual, and persons can pass freely back and forth, with but slight examination, provided no suspicious appearances exist. It is presumed that all restriction will be shortly removed, if nothing unusual occurs.

The statement published by us that the insurgents at Short Hills had been captured and dispersed, is confirmed. Some twenty, all Canadians, were taken in the immediate vicinity of the outbreak, and a number more have been subsequently taken on Gull Island, at the mouth of Grand River. These were near and, at the mouth of Grand River. These were nearly all Americans, and a physician from this side, whose name we do not learn, was among them. The Tamarack Swamp, extending from Short Hills to Grand River, which was the retreat of the insurgents, had been pretty thoroughly cleared.

The prisoners captured have been taken to Chippewa, for trial, before a commission. The Attorney General is in readiness, and the proceedings will probably be had to-day or to-morrow. The punishment of those from this side, who may be declared guilty, will, we suppose, be death.

Gov. Arthur was at Chippewa day before yesterday, and left in the evening for Toronto.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

Austria.—The Globe publishes an official letter addressed by Prince Metternich to Mr Nathaniel Niles, Diplomatic Agent of the United States, in which he states that the measures in regard to health, in the several Austrian ports, have been so far modified, that vessels coming from the United States with clean bills of health, shall be immediately admitted to free entry, and those which do not bring clean bills shall be subjected to quarantine of from five to ten days, according as the cargo consists of objects susceptible of being tainted by contagious miasma or not. This shows a great progress of common sense in the mitigation of the restraint of quaratine in the ports of the Adriatic.

New Era in Steam Power.—The steamer Despatch, owned by Capt Nathan Cobb, having an engine constructed by Mr Phineas Bennett, made an excursion yesterday to Sandy Hook, for the purpose of fairly testing the utility of Mr Bennett's invention. A delegation from the American Institute, together with a number of scientific and respectable gentlemen, (over 50 in all) were invited on board to witness the operation of the new power.

The principles and advantages of Mr Bennett's invention are mainly as follows;—

The gases from the fire are made to perform their full portion of labor, the smoke and heat being forced into the cylinder at the same time with the steam. The engine occupies much less space, and the fuel used is less than one sixth of that commonly consumed by boats of her class.

At half past ten o'clock, the Despatch left pier No 1, North River, and proceeded at the rate of 12 miles an hour, to Sandy Hook, using but one furnace or boiler. During the progress a change was made from one boiler to another, in the space of three minutes.

On arriving abreast of the eastern buoy of the Spit, the ship was put about and returned to the city, passing pier No 1, her place of departure, at precisely 20 minutes past 2 o'clock; having performed more than thirty six miles in three hours and fifty minutes, one half the distance against a strong flood tide and using only one and one eighth of a cord of wood.—*N. Y. American.*

The Wool of the North and the Cotton of the South.—The cotton growers of the South appear to believe that the prosperity of the country and almost its very existence, depend upon the cotton crop; and that there is hardly any thing else of any value raised in the country. What will they think when they are told by competent judges that the clip of wool in the northern states—so inconsiderable an item in the product of the tree labor of the North, that the producers hold the whole of the last year's clip, in consequence of the decline in price, without any anxiety to sell—is estimated to be nearly, if not quite, equal to the entire cotton crop of the United States; that this mere item in the North, embraces a capital of sixty millions of dollars in sheep, and one hundred and fifty millions in pasture lands by a valuation not half so extravagant as that of the Southerners in their estimate of the value of capital employed in cotton growing.—*Newburyport Herald.*

[From the Baltimore American.]

The Pulaski.—Among the survivors of the frightful disaster which befell the steamboat Pulaski, was Mr —— Merritt, of Mobile, who reached this city on Thursday evening, from the South, and proceeded eastward yesterday morning. Mr Merritt embarked on board the Pulaski with his wife and child, and by this most melancholy event, which has brought bereavement and grief to many a heart, he was deprived of both. When the explosion took place, Mr Merritt indulged the hope that the boat would continue to float, and after hastening to his wife and child in the ladies' cabin, returned towards the middle of the boat to ascertain more distinctly the extent of the damage, and take such measures as might be within the power of the passengers to adopt, in order to prevent the water from coming in on the side where the boiler had exploded. A few moments however, served to convince him that the boat must sink—he found the water entering on both sides, and also, apparently, through the bottom, and all hope of checking its ingress was abandoned. He then hastened back to the ladies' cabin, and on requesting them to dress themselves and be in readiness to meet the impending peril, a scene of terror and anguish ensued, which was well calculated to melt the stoutest heart. Women clung round him with entreaties that he would save them, while mothers as importunately begged—not for themselves, but for the preservation of their children. In a short time the inmates of the ladies' cabin, together with a number of gentlemen, were assembled on the promenade deck, whither they had taken refuge in consequence of the continued settling of the hull in the water. The further sinking of the hull, and the parting of the promenade deck, as have been heretofore related, threw those who were on it into the sea, and among them Mr Merritt, his wife and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased by the close clinging of the mother to the child.

While thus engaged, a boy of twelve or fourteen years caught hold of him for help, and he too was sustaindd, until Mr Merritt proposed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed so well able to maintain himself that Mr Merritt asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily acceded to. Mr Merritt was now able to bestow his whole strength in sustaining his wife, when, to his horror, he felt himself clasped from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for life. An instant was sufficient to satisfy Mr Merritt that the grasp of the man would drown them all, and telling his wife that this would be the case without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck close by, to which she consented. Giving her a push toward it with as much power as his peculiar situation would allow him to do, he saw her gain it. In the meantime his own case called for immediate relief, but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold which was fastened around his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not a moment allowed him to deliberate on it. Mr Merritt had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves with a man clinging to him, was the last—the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold before Mr Merritt's breath became exhausted. On rising again towards the surface, he struck against pieces of the wreck which were now floating over him and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again; but on looking around he could discover neither his wife, nor his child, nor the boy! What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves, he knew not, but he neither heard nor saw them any more.

Soon after, he reached what he supposed was a hatchway, and this sustained him pretty well. While thus floating he discovered near him a man on a smaller fragment, evidently much exhausted. He called to him to come to the hatch as a place of greater safety, and after no little effort his fellow-sufferer was placed upon it. The weight of the two, however, was found to be rather too much for the hatch to sustain, and subsequently, when they fell in with a large fragment, they drew the hatch upon it, and thus were enabled to float without being immersed. On this the two remained from Friday night until Sunday, having on Saturday experienced a heavy gale, which for hours threatened to destroy their frail float, and engulph them in the ocean. On Saturday they neared the land, and were finally cast ashore on the beach, on the North Carolina coast.

Mr Merritt left his companion on the beach perfectly exhausted, and, although himself nearly worn out, went forward to discover a house. He had not proceeded very far, when, to his inexpressible joy, he discovered a small hut, the sight of which renewed his strength and hopes. Bracing himself for a final effort, he pushed forward, although with tottering steps, and arriving at the door, found it to be a fisherman's hut—but *empty and apparently deserted!* Overcome by fatigue, hunger and disappointment, he fell liteless to the ground, and when he came to himself, found at his side three fishermen, who had arrived at the hut soon after he entered it, and having kindled a fire, had warmed and restored him to animation. Mr Merritt immediately informed them of his comrade on the beach, and indicated, as well as he could, the direction, but the search proved ineffectual, although prolonged until dark.

On the following morning, however, a farmer, who had heard some rumors of the wreck, in riding towards the shore on an errand of mercy—if possibly he might find any who needed it—discovered an object crawling over one of the sand hills on the beach, which on a nearer approach he found to be a human being. It was the companion of Mr Merritt, who had lain on the beach all night, too much exhausted to move. He was immediately conveyed to a place of shelter, where every kindness was shown both the sufferers.

Bankruptcy System in England.—A pamphlet has been published in England, upon bankruptcy reform, written by Commissioner C. Fane, which contains the following very curious incident, illustrative of the evils which attend the present system of bankruptcy in that country:—

'In 1825; Mr. Chambers was declared bankrupt. he denied that he had committed any act of bankruptcy, and resisted his commission. From that time to the present, the question whether he is a bankrupt or not, has been in litigation; and although twelve years have elapsed, and £170,000 have been received by his assignees, the question of his bankruptcy remains undecided, and not one farthing has reached his general creditors. Meanwhile there has been that wasteful administration of his property which, without any fault in his assignees, is inseparable from such a state of things: thirty thousand pounds have been paid to the solicitors to the estate, and other solicitors who have concurred with them in supporting the commission; between ten and twenty thousand pounds have been the costs of Mr. Chambers; between three and four thousand pounds have been paid to an accountant, and more then one thousand to the official assignee; and thus nearly fifty thousand pounds have been spent without even ascertaining whether the party be bankrupt. It will scarcely be believed that the question upon which fifty thousand pounds have been spent thus fruitlessly, was, whether Mr. Chambers had, on some occasion, desired a servant to say, 'Not at home' to a creditor when he called. When I last heard of Mr. Chambers he was in a debtors' prison.'

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 3, at the church in Berry-street, by Rev. Mr Greenwood, Mr Frederick A. Heath to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Henry H. Tuckerman, Esq.

By Rev. Mr Young, Mr G. W. A. Babcock to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of the late Levi Merriam.

Mr Charles A Cobb, of Abington, to Miss Louisa Hubbard.

In Charlestown, on Sunday last, Mr William H. Hunt to Miss Martha, daughter of Deacon James Fosdick.

In Hingham, on Sunday evening, Mr Joseph Lincoln, Jr merchant of this city, to Miss Catharine, daughter of H. Stowell, Esq.

In Cambridgeport, June 28, Mr Elisha Crain, of Walpole, to Miss Abigal F. Stone.

In Littleton, on Tuesday, Mr D. Augustus Kimball, of Burlington, Vt. to Miss Martha, daughter of Mr Nathan Hartwell, of L.

In New Bedford, 26th inst Mr William R. Robeson to Miss Anna, daughter of Wm. R. Rodman, Esq.

In Edgartown, Mr James Russell, of New Bedford, to Miss Harriet N. Norton, of E.

In Barnstable, June 28, by Rev. Mr Woodward, Mr Ezekiel Gorham to Miss Cleone, daughter of the late John Gray, Esq. of this city.

In Chelmsford, June 28th, by Rev. John Parkhurst, Deacon Benjamin Dudley to Mrs Martha H. Parkhurst, all of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, suddenly, Mr Joseph White, son of Hon. Stephen W. 24; on Friday evening, Mr John Rice, 60.

In Charlestown, on Saturday, Col Loammi Baldwin, long distinguished as a Civil Engineer. He graduated at Harvard University in 1800, and immediately prosecuted the study of the law. He soon however gave up that profession and followed the peculiar bent of his genius in attending to the science and business of Engineering. In this new sphere he very soon reached to great eminence and by his talents and services has rendered the profession of a Civil Engineer in this country, what it was in Europe, the most honorable and inviting. The Dry Dock in the Navy Yard in Charlestown, and the one of similar construction in Norfolk, will stand as perpetual monuments of his great capacity. To his professional distinction he added those virtues which adorn private life and sweeten social intercourse. He was liberal in his sentiments, cordial in his disposition, and a generous contributor to the numerous benevolent objects. His death will be a loss to the whole country.

In Roxbury, Miss Susannah Lambert Blanchard, 18, daughter of Wm. Blanchard, Esq.

In Hingham, 26th inst. Dr Daniel Shute, 45.

In Salem, July 1st, Edward Chandler Upham, 11—eldest son of the Rev. Charles W. Upham, being the seventh child which Mr Upham has lost, and the third within a year.

In Medford, on Sunday last, Edward Bigelow, son of the late Hon. Timothy Bigelow, aged 38.

In Leominster, June 28, Joseph Woodward, Esq. of South Boston, 80.

In Abington, 25th inst. Nathaniel Hobart, Esq. aged 79 yrs and 8 months.

In Troy, N. Y. Joseph Priestly Allen, Esq. of Charlemont, Mass. son of S. C. Allen, of Northfield, 41.

In Wilmington, N. C. 15th inst. of a complication of diseases, which had long and grievously afflicted him, Aaron L. Rivera, Esq. 45—a native of Newport, R. I.

YOUNG LADY'S AID. Young Lady's Aid to Usefulness and Happiness. By Jason Whitman. Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. j 7

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BOARD. A pleasant parlor and a lodging room adjoining, suitable for one or more gentlemen, and centrally situated may be obtained with good board, by applying at the office of the Christian Register. Also at the same place, other pleasant accommodation and board for three or four gentlemen.

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POETRY.

HYMN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Source of all life and joy and light!
Creator of each starry sphere,
That o'er me on the arch of night
Gleams like a diamond, soft and clear;
Oh, as I gaze transported now
On yonder blue, resplendent dome,
Deign but to hear my prayer, that thou
Wilt call my erring spirit home!

Home from this world's fast fading bowers,
Frail visions and deluding dreams,
To that fair clime of Eden flowers,
Soft airs and brightly flowing streams,
Oh, make me feel that while I stay
A sojourner and stranger here,
My soul must seek its homeward way,
Far, far beyond each stormy sphere.

I kneel before thy gorgeous throne
Upon thy footstool, King of Kings!
And, gazing on the glories strown
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
Abject and weak, my awe struck heart,
Would from thy dazzling spirit flee,
If, Savior, Thou didst not impart
Rays of undying hope to me!

As yonder faintly glimmering star
Receives its lustre from the sun,
Though from its fiery splendors far,—
So from thy love, Almighty One!
My spirit drinks immortal light;
Oh, never may that light decay,
But, like yon diamond of the night,
In heaven's own beauty melt away!

THE SUN TO THE EARTH, ON THE DAWN OF MORNING.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the valleys laugh,
Let the mountains smile, and the hills look gay,
And flowers lift their heads as they fondly quaff
The beams of the bright returning day.
I come! I come in my splendor now,
Chasing the gloom from the welkin's brow;
I come! I come with my gladdening ray,
Driving the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the rolling streams
Pour forth their song to the morning breeze,
Reflecting abroad my brilliant beams
In forms like the dreamer's phantasies.
I come! I come on the wings of love,
Let all to meet my embraces move;
I come! I come on the wings of day,
To chase the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the woodlands ring
With music's sweetest, gladdest sound;
Let the lark ascend on delighted wing,
And tell his joy to the heavens around.
I come! I come! let the glad sound spread,
And wake the drone from his drowsy bed,
As my pioneer, the twilight gray,
Scatters the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let each waking eye
Be gladly turned to the eastern sphere,
And every heart be fill'd with joy,
To see my beams of brilliance near.
I come! I come! let all rejoice,
And wake the song with a cheerful voice;
I come! I come with a flood of day,
To sweep the shades of the night away.

THE PRISONER OF THE LORD.

A Sabbath Hymn for a sick chamber.

Thousands, O Lord of hosts, this day,
Around thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in their midst to teach,
When on thy name they call;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each;
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee,
Oh! hast thou not a blessing left?
A blessing, Lord, for me?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from Heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner;—loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not—contented in thine hands,
Behold, thy prisoner still!

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer,
In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen;
To hope, the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

Oh! make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me—and give me peace.

Montgomery.

CHEERFULNESS INCULCATED BY NATURE.

We walked within the church-yard bounds,
My little boy and I—
He laughing running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

'Nay, child, it is not well,' I said,
Among the graves to shout,
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout.'

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed at they.

Then quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Even in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
The patch of church-yard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue may wear.

And formed from out the very mound
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with his eye of gold
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone—
The small bird did his glad notes shed,
Perched on a gray head-stone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth,

If our own wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest thoughts, forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

Oh no, the glory earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but judge aright.)

A triumph won o'er sin and death,
From these the Savior saves;
And like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the New York Observer.)

THE ACROPOLIS AND THE PARTHENON.

Athens, December, 1837.

The Acropolis of Athens! It is difficult to conceive the perpetual and vivid interest, with which the stranger wanders around its scenery, inhaling, at every step, the air of ancient Athenian glory. Even now it is an object which one would never be wearied with gazing at; and in its perfection it must have been a combination of natural beauty of situation with the highest magnificence of art, such as would renew the admiration of the mind with every day's examination. Its Propylæa, its Parthenon, and its other temples, in solemn, melancholy ruins, make it an altar of THE PAST, magnificent beyond description. How glorious must it have been in the freshness of its early unity, and the unbroken symmetry of all its outlines,—a vast white pile of fretted Pentelican marble, with every sculpture in the pediments and friezes of its temples breathing with life, its noble columns perfect in all their ranges, and every line and corner sharply defined in the clear transparent atmosphere! All things were full of beauty; the advance toward it, emerging from the common city, and winding around the base of its crags towards the deep arches of its entrance; the view of its Propylæa in front, a splendid temple for a gateway, with the supporting towers on either side crowned with statues, and the ranges of columns with their fine marble portals admitting the strangers up the access to the tabular summit of the rock; there the sight of the Parthenon, rising in its majesty, and filling the mind like the realized idea of all beauty in architecture; together with the prospects around in every direction, of mountain and plain, sea and sky, the city, the harbors, the ships, the islands, the temples, the monuments, the statues of the gods; such a combination of objects and associations, as the whole world besides could not exhibit, and which must have exerted no small influence in moulding the minds of the Athenians, and maintaining the spirit of their poetry and eloquence.

These objects are all present now to the mind of the beholder, with the additional melancholy interest of ruins, and the clustering remembrances of a people of great genius long past from existence. Walk with me, then, to the Acropolis as it is, and let us enjoy the almost sacred sadness that steals over the mind amidst its present piles of shattered magnificence. Passing from the modern city, your path coasts the base of the northern battlement and crags of the citadel, and as you look upward to observe the masonry of its polygonal walls, you notice that portion which was probably rebuilt by Themistocles after the Persian war, with a haste, of which Thucydides supposed that he saw the evidences in the foundations of variously shaped stones inserted just as they happened to be brought, and mingled with columns and wrought blocks. From some conspicuous fragments of large Doric columns, Col. Leake supposes that Themistocles made use of the remains of the old Hecatompedum, or Temple of Minerva which the Persians burnt. In the crags of the rocks we observe several caves or grottoes, and climbing up to that which we pass beneath the north-western corner of the citadel, we find it filled with niches and grooves cut in the surface of the stone for tablets and votive offerings. It was a grotto sacred to Pan; and almost every part of the mountain, as well as the temples with which it was covered, seems to have been thus consecrated to some favorite deity. A little past the north-western corner is an exterior gateway, probably erected by the Greek chief Odysseus in fortifying the Acropolis against the Turks, the side column of which seems to have been the architrave of some sacred building in ancient times, containing a long inscription, still legible, and translated by Mr Wordsworth as follows: 'I deliver to the infernal gods this chapel to guard: to Pluto, and to Demeter and Proserpine, and the furies, and to all the infernal gods: if any one shall deface this chapel, or mutilate it, or remove any thing from it, either by himself or by any other, to that man may not the land be passable, nor the sea navigable. He shall be extirpated utterly; he shall make trial of all evils; of ague, and fever, and quartan ague, and leprosy; and as many other ills and sufferings as befall men, may they befall that man, who dareth to remove aught from this chapel.' It is a commination which might be rendered worthily by the curse of Kehama. A few steps farther in this ascent, and Mars' hill rises near us, just on our right, with a valley intervening, which is now partially sown with wheat. The harbor of the Piræus, with the sea and the coast of the Morea, here begin to be visible. The front western wall of the Acropolis, before which we now stand, looks directly towards the port of the Piræus. Entering now the deep massive arched way which forms the only access to the citadel, we see beneath us on our right the remains of the Theatre of Herodes. Passing another dilapidated gateway, and presenting our passport or permit at the door of the cell of the keeper, a precaution, that, if it had been adopted at a much earlier period, would have saved the ruins of the Parthenon from many a pilferer, we are conducted to the innermost gateway, through which, amidst broken pillars and pedestals lying in heaps around us, we pass upwards directly in front of the grand ranges of columns, which constitute the centre of the Propylæa. A square marble tower, formerly crowned with an equestrian statue, rises on the north, and opposite on the south, the Temple of 'Victory without wings,' is still visible, having been recently disinterred from the rubbish, and restored almost completely to its ancient proportions.

Here let us step back a little nearer to the brink of the massive western walls of the citadel, and from this point you will think it scarcely possible to conceive a design of purer majesty in architecture, than the remaining splendors of the Propylæa offer to the view. A huge square tower, erected by the Turks, at the southern wing, encumbers and disfigures the harmony of the picture, but originally it must have been a pile of surpassing magnificence and beauty. By quoting a part of Col. Leake's accurate description of the plan and execution of this work under the administration of Pericles, you will have a better idea of the whole than I can otherwise convey. 'The western end of the Acropolis,' says this writer, 'which furnished the only access to the summit of the hill, presented a breadth of only 168 feet,—an opening so narrow, that it appeared practicable to the artists of Pericles to fill up the space with a single building, which, in serving the main purpose of a gateway, should contribute at once to fortify and adorn the citadel. This work, the greatest production of civil architecture in Athens, which equalled the Parthenon in felicity of execution, and surpassed it in boldness and originality of design, was begun 437 years before Christ, and completed in five years. Of the 168 feet which formed the natural entrance to the Acropolis, 58 were left near the centre for the great artificial entrance, and the remainder was closed by two wings which projected 32 feet in front of the grand colonnade of the entrance. The entire building, like others of the same kind, received the name of Propylæa from its forming a vestibule to the five gates or doors by which the citadel was entered. The wall in which these doors were pierced, was thrown back about 50 feet from the front of the artificial opening of the hill, which was itself thrown back a few feet behind the natural entrance.' The whole structure was entirely of Pentelican marble. There were six fluted Doric columns in front, each 5 feet in diameter, and 29 feet high. Behind this was a vestibule 43 feet deep, with six Doric columns on each side. Marble beams 22 feet long covered the side aisles. This vestibule leads to the five doors of the Propylæa, and through these you pass into the inner Eastern portico, with its Doric colonnade.

'Here, above all places at Athens,' says Mr Wordsworth, 'the mind of the traveller enjoys an exquisite pleasure. It seems as if this portal had been spared in order that our imagination might send through it, as through a triumphal arch, all the glories of Athenian antiquity in visible parade. In our visions of that spectacle we would unseal the long Panathenaic frieze of Phidias representing that spectacle, from its place on the marble walls of the Parthenon, in order that, endued with ideal life, it might move through this splendid avenue as it originally did of old. It was this particular point in localities of Athens, which was most admired by the Athenians themselves; nor is this surprising. Let us conceive such a restitution of this fabric as its surviving fragments will suggest; let us imagine it restored to its pristine beauty; let it rise once more in the full dignity of its youthful stature; let all the architectural decorations be fresh and perfect, let their moulding be again brilliant with their glowing tints of red and blue, let the coffers of its soffits be again spangled with stars, and the marble antæ be fringed over as they were once with their delicate embroidery of ivy leaf; let it be in such a lovely day as the present day of November; and then let the bronze valves of these five gates of the Propylæa be suddenly flung open, and all the splendors of the interior of the Acropolis burst at once upon the view!

But ye shall see! for the opening doors I hear of the Propylæa!
Shout, shout aloud of the view which appears of the old time-honored Athenæ,
Wondrous in sight and famous in song, where the noble Demus abideth.'

ARISTOPHANES, Eg. 1326.

But let us pass upwards through this splendid portal, to the grand interior object of interest on the Acropolis, the Parthenon in ruins. A little more than one hundred years ago, this perfect temple stood almost entire. The Turks, who possessed the citadel, kept their powder-magazine within its chambers, and the Venetians under Morosini, on the evening of the 20th of September, 1687, destroyed by a bomb, in five minutes, what time, and genius, and history, and poetry, had consecrated, and what time and ignorance, and barbarism, and decay, had spared for thousands of years. And it might have stood for thousands of years longer, for its destruction was effected by none of the common agents of nature in her work of decay, but by elements which were not even known when the fabric was erected. The middle portion of the temple was entirely destroyed by the explosion, but the eastern nad western portions, with their fronts, remain, though the cupidity of civilized spoilers has stripped them of their sculptured metopes, friezes and pediments. The British museum has been enriched at the expense of the dead body of Greece; and a sentiment of deep indignation burns in the mind at the contemplation of these ruins. It seemed to me, while gazing upon them, and thinking with what sort of feelings a man could fix his scaling ladders, and point the levers of his workmen to pry up and wrench off the exquisite sculptures with which the temple was adorned, that the land pirates, who strip the corpses cast ashore from shipwreck, show scarce a deeper insensibility to the sentiments of kindness and decency.

In part of the space of that portion of the Parthenon which was blown down by the explosion, a clumsy Turkish mosque was afterwards erected upon its marble pavement, and still remains, a barbarian deformity, between the eastern and western portions of the temple, surrounded by huge piles of columns, cornices, and blocks of marble; a great quantity of fragments of statues and sculptures have been collected from the ruins, and arranged within it as a sort of museum. In spite of every injury, the beauty of the temple as it still stands is wonderful, and the pleasure of gazing upon its majestic columns, and upon the lovely scenery on every side, from amidst its shattered piles, is very great. In this temple, as well as in that of Theseus and Jupiter Olympus, and also in the columns of the Propylæa, a singular effect of earthquakes is visible, showing at once the force of the shocks, and the solidity of fabrics which could have been thus moved by them and yet so little injured. The enormous grooved marble blocks in the pillars are not unfrequently wrenched round, notwithstanding the prodigious superincumbent weight, in such a manner that the corner of the groove in one lays directly in a line with the hollow or curve in the next. This is observable sometimes in the very middle of a column 60 feet high, and could have been produced by no other cause but the shock of an earthquake. Many excavations have been made amidst the rubbish of the Acropolis, and will probably be continued as long as there is prospect of any new discoveries. It is made a question among the literati of the modern city, whether any attempt ought to be made to restore the Parthenon with the fragments that lie in such immense piles around it; the preponderating opinion seems to be, that in its present situation it is an object of greater beauty and interest than it ever could possess by any attempted restitution of the fabric. If the exquisite fragments of art pilfered from it could be snatched back from the spoilers, and replaced in their original beauty, then indeed, the effort would be desirable; but it would be difficult by any means to increase its power over the imagination as a spectacle of decaying grandeur, and a memorial of past ages.

The are other remains upon the Acropolis, which I have not noticed, especially the Erectheum, northwards from the Parthenon, including in its fabric a temple to Pandrosus, and another to Minerva Polias. The beautiful Caryatides, or images of virgins, which support the roof on one wing instead of columns, have been recently discovered and set up again in their original position, and the farther renewal of the temple is gradually going forward. Here in ancient times were the trident of Neptune and the sacred olive tree of Minerva. Erechtheus was believed to have been buried here, and hence the name.

The interest of our visits amidst the ruins of the ancient city is strangely mingled with the spectacle of its modern houses, confusedly rising from heaps of rubbish, and the aspect of its modern population in their shops and market places. The prospects of the future are pleasingly colored by the missionary efforts still but just commenced, and the schools in successful prosecution. Many thoughts occupy the mind in a day's excursion amidst such scenes of classical, social, and religious interest, all mingled together, and borrowing increased vividness from each other. In a visit to Mrs Hill's schools, we were deeply interested with the various departments, from the infant school upwards. Many of her scholars have been redeemed from poverty and degradation, especially some of the young ladies beneath her own roof, and exhibit already the power of a refined education in moulding the mind, the feelings, and even the form into beauty.

Truly yours, G. B. C.

[From the National Ægis.]

COLLECTIONS RELATING TO FASHIONS AND DRESS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By the Rev. Joseph B. Felt.

[*Continued.*]

HAT.

This began to be manufactured in London 1404, and gradually gained favor with the great. It had been preceded and was accompanied with hoods or chaperons for both sexes, which, in the reign of Henry VII. were, prevalently, of a square form. It was not allowed, by act of Elizabeth 1571, to be worn by any of her subjects, except the nobility and some others, on Sabbaths and holydays. At such times, all her people above six years old, aside from the privileged few, were ordered to appear with wool knit caps, on penalty of 10 groats for each offence. John Fox, the martyrologist, who died 1587, is the first whose portrait is drawn with a hat. This article, having slowly ingratiated itself with the public, was commonly used by our first settlers. It was, for the most part, made of wool. As such, it was deemed good enough, by the civil authorities of 'the bay state' for every class of the community. Still, their opinion was not absolute in its influence. By a sumptuary order of 1634, they forbid the wearing of beaver hats.* But the passion for what was censured as extravagant, in this respect, was stronger than the fear of penalties, and soon caused the enactment to become as a dead letter. Fine as well as coarse hats, have gone through various alterations, but have never *mostly* given place to other coverings of the head among males. From the commencement of our country to 1700 the brims of them were extended, and for a portion of this period, the crowns inclined to a cone so high as to require one hand, in a fresh breeze, to keep them from being blown away. Subsequently to the year just named, hats were reduced in their dimensions. In 1755, they were considerably enlarged. The hat was worn by Charles I. and his principal subjects, set off with a feather. There was, probably, at that period, a specimen of this fashion to be witnessed, now and then, among the men of New England, besides those of the military, who have never laid it down. It was customary for the females of our primitive colonists, to wear beaver hats with a feather, and their example was long imitated by their daughters. Before and after 1753, ladies were attired, also, with white and black horse-hair and chipt hats, similarly ornamented. Indeed, they have never entirely dispensed with the hat and feathers, of one texture or another, though at times, it has almost disappeared, and as often rallied and regained its popularity. For the last 25 years, they have kept it in the back ground. The chief occasions, on which any have appeared with it, have been those of riding on horse back. The Monmouth or military cocked hat for men, began to show itself about 1670. From 1732 to 1779 they were even common for boys of 14 as well as for their seniors. Among the more wealthy they were edged with gold or silver lace, and were set off with a black cockade. From 1779 they went down by degrees, so that 45 years ago, they appeared but seldom, except on aged gentlemen. Their latest hold was upon clergymen as a class. The author of these remarks knew one of this profession, who was ordained 39 years past. He thought, that, on this solemnity, a three cornered beaver was so requisite for his proper appearance, as to justify him in borrowing money to purchase one, which he actually did. As a reminiscence of the world in years gone, we occasionally meet a venerable person with a hat of this kind, being the relic of a fashion, to which much importance was long and extensively attached. The mode of salutation among gentlemen, a half century since and previously, was by taking off the hat, instead of touching it, as at present. When Lafayette came over to offer his services in our revolutionary struggle, he visited Ipswich. General Farley of that town, in saluting him, not only took off his hat, but also his wig. When writing home as to the manners of the people here, Lafayette humorously remarked, in view of the general's civility, that they bowed with their wigs off as well as their hats. Some such occasion as the following, may have led to the adoption of three cornered hats. A man, aged 93, who was alive five years past, told the writer of this, that he had an acquaintance under Gen. Wolfe at the capture of Quebec; that this acquaintance related, that all the soldiers, wearing round hats, were ordered to have the brims fastened up directly over their eyes, so that they might see the enemy more quickly and distinctly.

* In 1694 a Castor hat was worth 31s., and a band for it 6s. 4d. Castor, a 'black beaverett' was charged £2.

SWORDS.

Before our fathers came hither, swords were worn very long in Europe. Queen Elizabeth ordered, that all of them over three feet in length, thould be broken off, by officers appointed for such service. Swords were carried by principal men in civil as well as in military life, from the original occupation of New England, till about 1750. Though their places of late years have been fearfully and destructively supplied in the South and Western States by the bowie knife, yet our section of the union has been spared so pernicious a substitute. As the wearing of arms amid the walks of society often leads to sudden and murderous indulgence of passion, and thus fosters a spirit of revenge and cruelty, we are glad that for so long a period, fashion has not summoned private citizens to gird on the sword and appear with it in the discharge of their daily duties.

WATCHES.

We are told that these were used in the time of the Emperor, Charles 5th, who deceased 1558. At that period, they were awkwardly made, of an oval shape. In the reign of the English Charles I, they were some improved in mechanism. But even then, instead of the present neat chain, by which they are wound up, they had nothing better than cat gut, like what is seen on large eight day clocks, though not of so great a size. It was necessary to wind them up every twelve hours. Of workmanship, so far behind that of our day, watches were rarely owned in this country, though they increased as property and population enlarged. Those manufactured before 1658, were very imperfect performers, designating neither minutes nor seconds; having no spring, which is to the balance, what gravity is to the pendulum. Formerly they had, for the most part, turtle shell and pinchbeck cases. As is well known, they have not been common for all classes, till within 35 years. Lads scarcely entered their teens, are sometimes seen with them. A half century since, it was rare to behold a lady with a watch. Twenty-five years ago, such a sight began to lose its novelty. Now, as there is no need to state, except for future information, watches are worn by many females. Indeed, so great has been the passion for them among both sexes, that some, rather than be thought destitute of them, have worn imitation ones, which neither go, nor point the hour.

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